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Mexico's Monthly Review

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No. 8, Vol. XXX



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### CONTENTS

AUGUST, 1954

Number 8, Volume XXX

Page

TOWARD AGRICULTURAL ABUNDANCE. Editorial .....	9
SAMSON AND DALILAH. Story. By Kim Schee .....	10
OIL. By F. Martinez .....	10
MEXICO'S SOUTHLAND. Article. By Bill Ballantine .....	11
OIL. By D. Hernandez Xochitiotzin .....	11
MYSTERY OF THE MISER. Article. By John W. Hilton .....	13
OIL. By Fidel Figueroa .....	13
SPRING OF LIFE. Poem. By Thomas Morris .....	14
THE NAVY THAT CROSSED MOUNTAINS. Article. By John Wisdom .....	15
TEMPERA. By Juan O'Gorman .....	17
NOTES OF A JOURNEY. Article. By Sybille Bedford .....	17
AT THE BEACH. Poem. By Ellen Acton .....	18
IDOL-ING IN MEXICO. Article. By J. W. Granberg .....	19
PATTERNS OF AN OLD CITY. By Howard S. Phillips .....	20
THE MEXICO CITY-ACAPULCO SUPER-HIGHWAY. Article. By Stewart Morton .....	21
MEXICO'S FOREIGN TRADE. ARTICLE. By Tomme Clark Call .....	23
THE DISHONEST MERCHANT AND THE LADY. Article. By E. Adams Davis .....	25
WATER COLOR. By Ruth Van Sickle Ford .....	25
THROUGH LATIN AMERICA WITH KNIFE AND FORK. Article. By Scott Seegers .....	27
OIL. By Doris Rosenthal .....	27
DORIS ROSENTHAL. Art. Critique. By Guillermo Rivas .....	30
UN POCO DE TODO .....	33
LITERARY APPRAISALS .....	34
CURRENT ATTRACTIONS. By Vane C. Dalton .....	39
ART EVENTS .....	42

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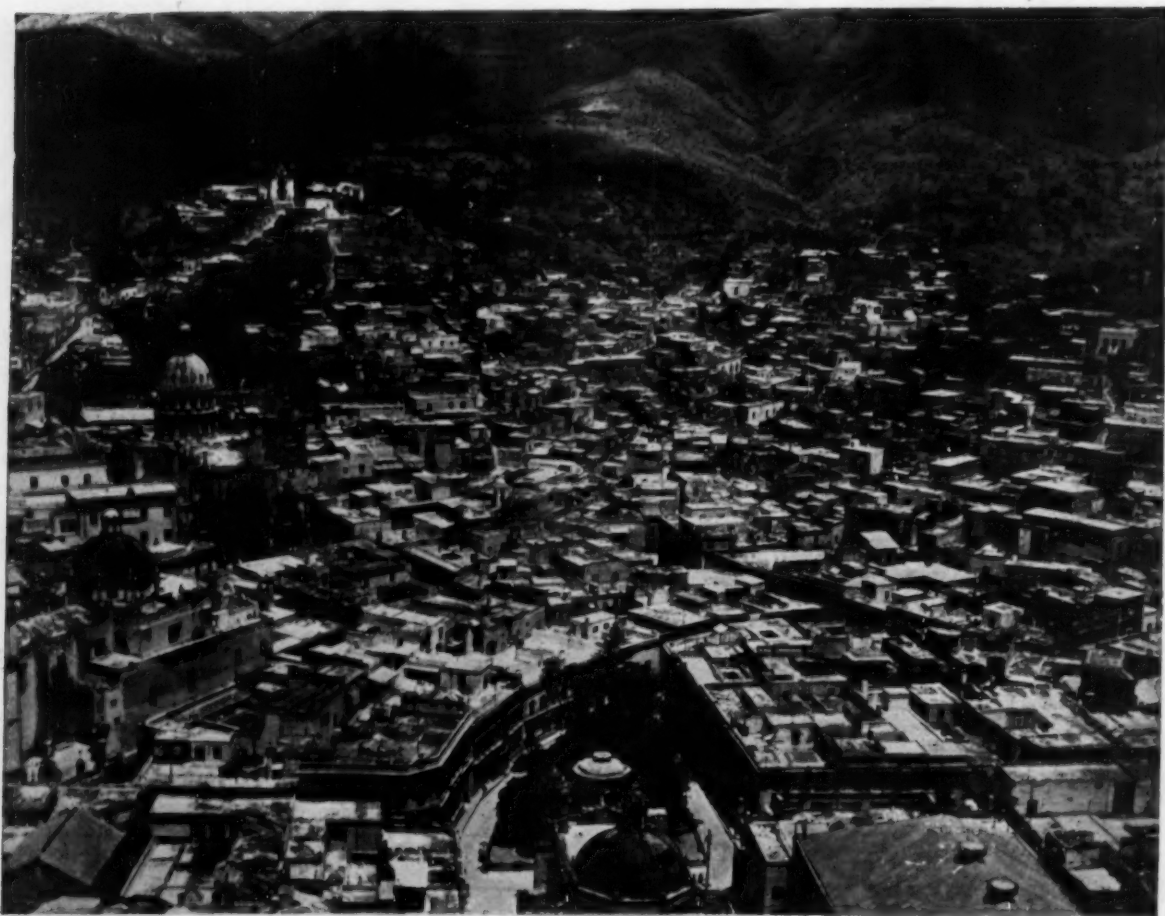
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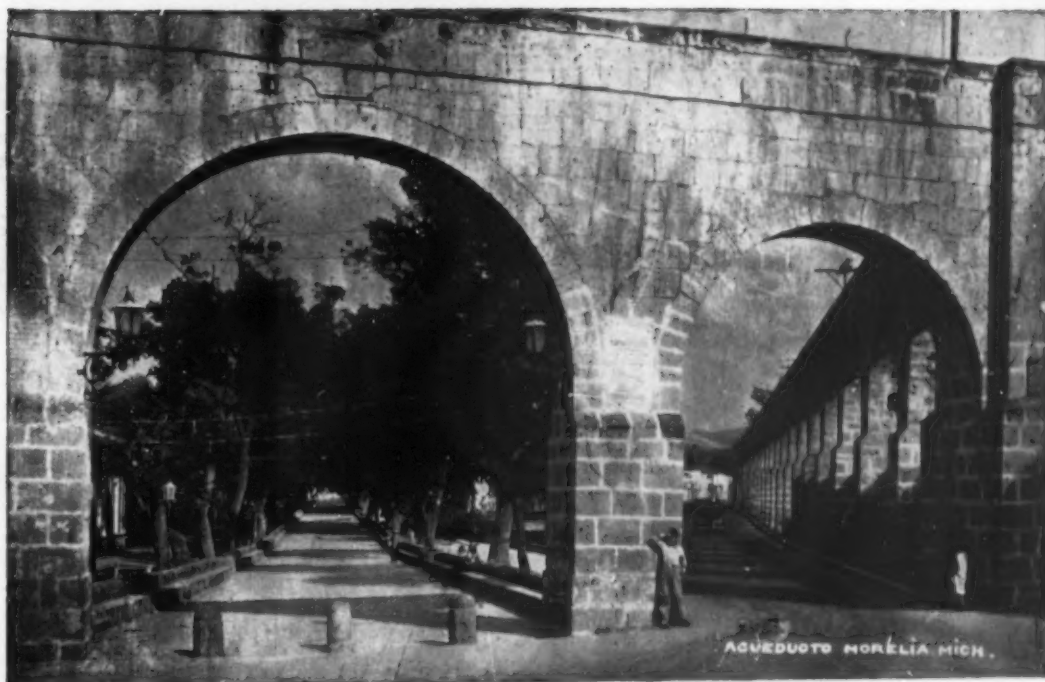
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

## Toward Agricultural Abundance

**T**HE economic recession which has burdened Mexico during the past few years and reached its acutest stage in recent months, with the accelerated rise in the price-level following the devaluation of the peso in foreign exchange, has been due to multiple causes, external as well as internal, but mainly to that of scarcity, of an agricultural production that does not cope with national needs.

This fundamental scarcity has affected all the other phases of the country's economy. It has been largely responsible for the five billion peso deficit in international trade suffered by Mexico in the past three years; it has retarded its progress of industrialization; it has depreciated the peso to one sixth of its pre-war purchasing value; it has created the problem of unemployment and the mass exodus of Mexican workmen to the United States.

Since the larger portion of Mexico's tillable soil is being exploited by the ejidos—government-supervised community landholdings—the volume of agricultural production is not determined by private initiative but by the collective effort of the ejidos. Hence the problem of agricultural insufficiency cannot be solved without official intervention.

The extent of this problem may be surmised in the following figures: While in order to provide for the needs in basic foods of its population, estimated today at thirty million, Mexico must produce a minimum of 4,500,000 tons of corn, 1,200,000 tons of wheat, and 500,000 tons of beans, its average production during the past few years has provided for only seventy percent of these needs.

Accepting the solution of this problem as a primary obligation, the present government, following a realistic program initiated by President Ruiz Cortines when he assumed power nineteen months ago, has been achieving notable progress. This program, adapted as an emergency measure, is centered upon the immediate aim to increase the nation's crop by utilizing to the utmost benefit all available soil, and by enlarging the tillable area through short- or long-range projects of reclamation. To facilitate planting, large sums of money have been apportioned by the government and extended upon a liberal credit policy to all ejidos whose latent productiveness warrants it.

The initial results of the official program became clearly manifest in 1953. For while in the previous year Mexico's crop fell short of its needs by 1,000,000 tons of corn, 450,000 tons of wheat and 250,000 tons of beans, in 1953 the shortage of corn was reduced to 500,000 tons, of wheat to 225,000 tons, and of beans to 200,000. This significant gain was achieved despite adverse weather conditions through large parts of the country, as result of a marked increase in planted acreage, amounting to 1,300,000 hectares. As in fore-

gone years, these shortages had to be made up with purchases abroad, though this year they represented a less serious drain of the country's dollar reserves.

Developing its program on a wider scope and at a more intensified pace, the government is looking forward to much more ample returns during the present year. The complete success of this program is, in fact, indicated in an official survey of crop conditions prevalent all over the country, according to which this year's product will be the highest in the nation's history. It is now estimated that the yield of corn will reach the official goal of 4,500,000 tons. This unprecedented increase, eliminating the need of purchases abroad, will be due in part to favorable weather conditions, but mainly to the addition of a million hectares to the area planted to corn, which brings up its total to six million hectares, as against less than four million in 1952.

In anticipation of this bumper crop, the government is constructing at this time a number of warehouses at various points of the country, where it will store a permanent corn reserve of 500,000 tons, in order to curb speculative hoarding or price fluctuations.

The forecast is equally promising as regards wheat: the present year's crop being estimated at 830,000 tons, as against 670,000 tons in 1953 and 520,000 in 1952. The state of Sonora, with its recently reclaimed irrigated lands in the Yaqui region, has contributed the most important share to this spectacular increase, having produced 380,000 tons. With the continued extension of irrigated areas forming part of the government program, the state of Sonora, the second largest in the Republic, promises within the next few years to produce a wheat crop that will probably suffice for all national needs.

The official program, moreover, provides for the expenditure in the course of the next four years of well over a billion pesos in the construction of vast irrigation systems in other Western and Northwestern states—Baja California, Sinaloa, Nayarit, Jalisco and Colima—whose climate and topography are similar to that of Sonora and which offer like possibilities for agricultural expansion.

The bumper food crops anticipated for this year are equalled by record-breaking crops of cotton, calculated at 1,400,000 bales, and of coffee, which has yielded 1,300,000 sacks. From the above, a million bales of cotton and a million sacks of coffee are destined for export, which add to the country's cash reserve approximately a hundred million dollars.

Thus Mexico, guided by an expedient program, is gradually winning the battle for agricultural self-sufficiency and thereby paving the way toward economic stability.

# Samson and Delilah

By Kim Schee

JERRY and I had finished lunch and were sipping the residue of Juanito's strong Mexican coffee. For over and over we had discussed the enchantment of far-away places and were trying to figure out how we could visit a few of them and still keep out of the penitentiary. I continued to give vent to my perverse imagination but I could tell by the way Jerry lolled in his chair and looked around at the guests that he had already tired of fantasy and so I abruptly dropped the subject. After a few minutes Jerry's lit up like a policeman about to bawl out a traffic violator.

"Take a glance at that blonde four tables down," he said, and proceeded to single out the table and point squarely at the blonde. The blonde in question was certainly beautiful, too beautiful for Jerry to be pointing at.

"I see her," I replied a trifle irritated. After all, you don't have to insult the lady. She's very beautiful. Who is she?"

"That's not what I mean. Didn't you see who she's with?"

I looked again and caught a glimpse of the baldest head I ever saw on the biggest pair of shoulders.

"He's clean shaven all right," I replied "But even a man as bald as that is entitled to take a pretty blonde to lunch occasionally."

"Of course," snapped Jerry violently brushing away a few harmless crumbs and clearing his throat. "But he happens to be her husband and furthermore she's madly in love with him. It's the talk of the town. People in the know told me that she could have had a whole car-load of politicians and a couple of generals thrown in for good luck. Old Gomez's son was nuts about her for years and as you've probably heard the smartest women in Latin American have been pestering him ever since he was old enough to eat. Old Gomez; you know, is the silver king in this country. He's more mines than Rockefeller has oil stations. He practically owns seven towns in this country."

"You're sure they aren't states," I contested, trying my best to be sarcastic. But Jerry could never comprehend sarcasm. Who could, after ten years as an itinerant newspaper man in Latin America? I resignedly drew out a pack of cigarettes from my pocket knowing fully well that as a person I had momentarily lost all identity.

"No; just towns," barked Jerry. "I should say, altogether he must be worth in the neighborhood of several hundred million pesos—anyway, Louise Parker, that was the beautiful lady's name before she married, gave young Gómez the gate for the baldheaded guy."

"Maybe this bald-headed guy is loaded with personality or perhaps money," I replied, wondering why, Jerry insisted upon wasting valuable time relating a story without a plot and with a bald headed man as its hero. "That happens you know—"

"That's just what I'm coming to, but you won't give me a chance. The idea is that he didn't have a red cent when he married her. He was a Spanish refugee and he must have been the biggest Spaniard in all of Spain. Anyway, he blew into Mexico City only a couple of months ago as busted as the Anti-Saloon League. But he didn't look the same as he does now. You wouldn't have recognized him under a magnifying glass."

"What do you mean I would've not recognized him?"

"Just what I said," and to accentuate the mystery Jerry picked up his fork, "because he was wearing a toupee—yes, sir, an honest to God toupee. And it so happened that I made the discovery. It was this way. The first time I saw the guy he was walking down Madero with a stride that would make that famous Swedish runner look like he had water on the knee. Well, that in itself aroused my curiosity, for most of the people here always look like they were walking in their sleep. And then there was something

Continued on page 57



Oil.

By F. Martinez.

# Mexico's

## Southland

By Bill Ballantine

**I**F my wife, Whiskers, hadn't such a yen for avocados we might never have seen the most wonderful part of all Mexico—Mexico deep South.

Now maybe you never heard of my wife, Whiskers, and maybe you think that Whiskers is a weird name for a wife. Well, it is—but I can explain it.

This Miss Whiskers is a wonderful, six-foot-tall woman creature, a long-hair honey-blonde, that I met when I was a clown in the circus and she was a centering show girl, the only Phi Beta Kappa show girl that ever worked for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey (maybe the only one in the whole circus world).

She got this mad monicker from John Murray Anderson, who was directing the big show that year. He liked to hand out odd nicknames, and he christened Roberta (that's her real name) "Whiskers" because he knew her uncle, who once wrestled his way through Australia under that name. As simple as that.

We were in Mexico on a sort of prenatal holiday, waiting for our second. We had with us our first, named Toby Circus, and our dachshund, Miss Low Comedy—both yearlings.

I was scouting Whisker's uncommon yen for avocados in a market just around the corner from our hotel, the Geneve, bending over a pile of them when someone up and gave me a swift swipe. The swiper was a redheaded ex-ballet-broad circus girl that Whiskers and I both knew from the show. Everybody called her Casey Rose. And even if you were to call her by her real name, I wouldn't know it.

Last time I saw Casey's name in Billboard she was out with a carny down in Alabama. We slipped into a small cantina and over a couple of beers Casey gave me a quick rundown on her life, post-Ringling.

When the carny went bust she got into the chorus line at the Follies in L. A., a burleycue on South Main Street; graduated to stripper because she was the only one had guts enough to peel on a trapeze while getting heisted into the flies.

One matinee a Mexican veterinary student from U.C.L.A. gave her a sultry eye, she fell in love, he married her, and they came down here to Mexico City.

This Mexican-Irish combo resulted in a perfectly beautiful girl baby (of course, Casey had pictures) and now Casey had herself a small, but nice, home in San Angel, plus servants to run it and time for ballet classes three times a week. That's where she'd just been when she ran into me.

This was St. Patrick's Day, in the afternoon. Casey Rose, naturally, was throwing wing-ding that night, just to celebrate being Irish, and she insisted that we join it to celebrate our not being with the circus any more.



Oil.

By D. Hernandez Xochitlitzin.

There were a few complications before I could clear the deal with Miss Whiskers. Back at the hotel the laundry hadn't come yet, and the Venetian blinds, floor lamps, wardrobe doors and wall lights were festooned with drying diapers (the clothesline happened to be locked in the station wagon). Toby Circus was bawling and a can of baby prunes had just exploded all over the ceiling. Miss W. was a trifle testy. However, we finally parked Toby with the Mexican family across the street where our dachsie was boarding.

We got to the party a bit late during the city's regular evening blackout (something to do with dry-season water conservation). An Indian maid with black pigtails and a candle met us at the gate.

The party was in full swing. Huge calla lilies dyed Kelly green decorated the house, and it was lighted by dozens of green candles. The tacos had green mole sauce. Casey Rose seemed to be the only full-blooded Irish present.

A renowned Polish pianist, in town for a concert, was at the three-octave piano playing his baby daughter's favorite nursery tunes. In the corner by the bar a U.S. military attaché ("Jus' call me Colonel") was chomping out his favorites: "Brown Furry Blues" and "I Used to Work in Chicago." A fading Rumanian blonde, who still had nice legs and knew it, had just sat in the potato pancakes by mistake.

Whiskers ended up next to a satanic, bearded fellow who fondled a mandolin in his lap. "I am Greek-French," he said, "born in Egypt. In my apartment I have sixty-nine birds, a harp and Aphrodite life-size in marble."

There was a genuine matador, too—a lean, handsome fellow, smoldering around his pretty wife, a glosy Parisian who had learned Spanish from a phonograph in Scotland. She and Whiskers hit it off fine after Paris told how she happened to fall in love with her bullfighting man. "...and I was crying all day from throwing over my lover. Then I thought pish-tush, and sent out for some tacos and hot chocolate. when this manager of Gustavo's he phoned up and said

Gustavo wanted to see me at the hospital. (I had met him before with my girl friend from the store when her boy friend was gored—he died.) So I put on my dark glasses and went, and he said, 'You've been crying,' and I said, 'You've been gored,' and we just comforted each other, I guess...

A wonderful party, but best of all was hearing about Mexico deep South from the matador and his lady, who had just been there. They had just made it all the way down the Pan-American highway to the Guatemala border and back.

As we drove home in Gus' slinky, pale blue convertible they described their adventure so delightfully we could hardly wait to get out of town.

However, we didn't make it until Easter week, but this turned out to be the best time of all to go. We left the city early on Monday. It's eighty-five miles southeast to Puebla, jumping-off point for the deep South. Puebla has less altitude than Mexico City, but it's still more than a mile high. We made a feed-and-water stop there, laid away some Talavera bluebird tiles (the town's specialty) for pickup on the way back, and pushed off to Oaxaca, 257 miles southeast, where Mexico deep South really begins.

Don't attempt this stretch after dark. The road climbs and twists perilously. It is rarely fenced, and cows and burros bedding down on the pavement make night driving a gamble.

We'll never forget our first sight of Oaxaca. It has a serenity unlike any other Mexican town. Its buildings are thick and rugged (this is earthquake country) and built of volcanic rock of the most wonderful earthy green.

We put up at the venerable Monte Alban Hotel, smack on the Alameda (Plaza). An enormous sheep dog was sleeping by the front desk, two bearded gentlemen in kilts held down wicker rocking chairs in the lobby, and the room clerk was scanning the paperback memoirs of Legs Diamond. When I registered from New York, the clerk asked what part of Central Park we lived in.

Gustavo had told us to ask for the Bishop's bed-chamber. It was off in the Annex, which had once been the home of the Bishop of Oaxaca. The room was tall and narrow, and Whiskers looked good in it. Its great window looked down into the Alameda where a noisy little Easter carnival was set up. A Ferris wheel circled against the Cathedral tower, and swinging by its ancient door was a carousel with pink and purple horses. The big window was exquisitely etched with the Bishop's coat of arms and framed by smaller panels of wine-ruby, corn-yellow and royal-blue glass.

The room also had, when we were there, some spectacular examples of the furniture carver's art. The bed was a frolic of bandy-legged mahogany cupids. On its footboard one was delightedly spearing a claw-footed griffin with horribly distended eyes, bared teeth and tongue curled out far enough to hang a hat on. On the headboard a stark-naked cupid wrestled a scruffy owl for possession of a writhing snake. I was grateful that the trip down had exhausted me. Snakes, cupids, owls and griffins. But that wasn't all. The dressing table included several in-the-round cupids astride a St. Bernard dog, who was munching a garland of wooden roses. Down one wall of the room hung a gaudy Syrian tapestry revealing the hidden pleasures of harem life. Voluptuous ladies were smoking sultan-sized cigarettes, sipping tiny cups of coffee and playing dominoes against a background of woven eunuchs, minarets and steaming hookahs.

Whiskers managed to blow a fuse somewhere while running the hot plate for Toby's gruel, and the

whole Annex went dark. The manager came running up and apologized.

My wife took her shower by candlelight. I was too tired to do likewise and fell asleep watching the garish lights of the Ferris wheel send skyrocket bursts of color through our wonderful window into every corner of the room, watching the shadows of the merry-go-round horses chase each other across the high ceiling. When Whiskers came to bed, she made me take off my shoes and crawl under the covers.

We had a marvelous Easter week in Oaxaca, with only a few minor calamities.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, we heard Toby's particular put-upon yowl and Comedy's fierce badgerhole bark. On rushing back to the room, we found Toby, swaddled to the ears in a blanket, being bounced wildly on the bed by our two portly chambermaids. "Niño mucho frío," they said, throwing me, obviously a cruel, inhuman papa, a couple of low-down swarthy looks.

But generally it was a good week, even if the roses and black lilies we bought from a dear little flower girl named Ambrosia were tied to their stems with string.

We caught all of Oaxaca's high points. First the rugged old Santo Domingo Church, survivor of earthquakes and many indignities. Spanish warlords stabled their horses in it and used the altar rails for firewood. Its walls bear the scars of cannon balls. Cast-iron angels hem its huge courtyard, offering naked light bulbs heavenward, the wires trailing down the young ladies' backs like Whiskers' long braids.

The Santo Domingo is reputed to have the most extravagant baroque interior in all Mexico, where baroque is almost as common as wallpaper. Its barrel-arched ceiling has more gilded, high-relief carving than an old-time circus parade wagon. And there are enough candles in Santo Domingo to light Mammoth Cave, which it slightly resembles.

We drove up the mountain road back of town to see the statue of Benito Juárez, sire of Mexican Emancipation. Oaxaca is his birthplace, and Oaxacaqueños like to say it was here he gave his very first defiant cry. I am not a view collector, but this one is magnificent; the town lies below like a complicated Aztec mosaic.

We made both of Oaxaca's ruins—Monte Alban by morning, Mitla in the afternoon. Monte Alban is famous for its fantastic phallic stones, some of them ten feet tall. I thought the tunnels were quite dark until Whiskers pointed out that I had forgotten to take off my sunglasses.

Whiskers made me take her to the State Museum to see the fabulous gold and jade taken from Monte Alban's Tomb No. 7.

On Good Friday morning when the churches had sighed into deep mourning we packed a lunch and drove down to Tlacolula, a village half an hour south, to see a primitive, but very respectful, Passion Play. The pageant represents events on the Day of the Crucifixion. The performers, all villagers, dress in a bizarre Indian version of Biblical garb. The music was more brassy than beatific, but when the trumpets imitated the cock crows of Peter's denial my spine trembled and Comedy's hackles rose alarmingly. The wooden image of Mary Magdalene had painted toenails and shiny black hair three times as long as Whiskers.

After the tableaux a richly robed priest hoisted his considerable bulk onto a platform built among the limbs of a great Indian laurel in the courtyard, and delivered his familiar lesson to the assembled sinners.

On the way back to Oaxaca, Whiskers ventured

Continued on page 60



C.J.

By Fidel Figueroa.

## Mystery of the Miser

By John W. Hilton

I AWOKE very early one morning to a pleasant tinkling sound. It was as if a tiny bell were ringing several times a minute. Light was just creeping into my upstairs room, bringing out the detail of the hand-hewn cypress beams and massive adobe walls. At first I thought it might be a remnant of some half dream, lingering in my mind, but as I sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, the sound continued. It was not the sound of a bell. I could tell, now, that I was wide awake. It sounded more like the clink of a large coin. There would be a pause of several seconds and then it came again. Unfortunately, I have always been a very curious person, so I started looking around.

I stepped to the front balcony and looked out. Girls were filling ollas at the fountain in the plaza. It was still early, or the water would have stopped running. A streak of sunlight was just touching the top of the poinciana tree, in front of the hotel across the plaza, turning it into a living mass of flame. I stood still and listened. The noise continued, but it sounded as if it was coming from the rear of the house.

Going to the back of my room, I discovered that the sound was a bit louder. I was making progress. This one large room was the only second-story part of the house. A long French window opened out onto the roof. Still clad in my pajamas, I crept out to see if I could solve the mystery. The sound was even louder, outside, and seemed to be coming from the patio of the single-story house next door. The roofs joined and, without considering the foolishness of the act, I crept across to a point where I could see into my

neighbor's patio. I was new in the town, and hadn't the slightest idea what sort of people they might be or how they would take to such an intrusion, but curiosity spurred me on.

I was still unable to see what was going on from this point, but I could tell by the sound that I had located the source. In fact, the sound was so clear now that there was absolutely no doubt that it was made by dropping coins. The town was full of buried-treasure stories. I began to wonder if I had stumbled upon someone who had discovered such a treasure and was busily counting it. If this were the case, I had better beat a hasty retreat, because this is about the only thing I have found Sonorans to hold secret. I had no desire to get into trouble.

I started to turn back but, somehow, curiosity overcame my better judgment. I simply had to find out who was counting all this money, for the tinkling had been going on for some time. I walked as silently as I possibly could over the flat tiled roof to a point opposite the sound of the falling coins. Then I got down and crawled to the edge of the roof and, after taking a big deep breath, stuck my head over the edge to look.

There sat an old bald-headed man with little tufts of white hair over his sideburns. I couldn't see his face, for I was looking straight down. What I did see was the gaping muzzle of a thirty-thirty rifle. It was leaning, handily, against a chair beside the man. A dirt-covered sack lay on a small table before him, and a pile of corroded silver pesos. On the other side, the man had a bowl full of what must have been a cleaning solution. In this bowl were several more handfuls of coins.

He would pick one of the pesos out of the bowl and rinse it in a pail of water, beside him, on a bench. Then he would rub it briskly and drop it into a box where it clinked, as it struck a growing pile of pesos, shining as clean as the day they were minted. I watched, fascinated. I had never seen so many coins at one time outside of a bank. Here, indeed, was the romantic mystery that I had expected to find in Mexico.

It must have been several minutes before I realized again the precarious situation in which I had placed myself. The thirty-thirty looked like business and I had no doubt that the old fellow would have been ready and willing to use it, had he seen me peeking over his roof like a common thief. I realized, with a sick feeling, that he could kill me and be well within his rights as a Mexican citizen. What difference that could possibly have made to me, after I was shot, didn't seem to occur to me at the time.

Inch by inch, I pulled myself back from the eaves of the miser's roof and, finally, made the window of my bedroom. Once inside, I felt faint from the reaction and sat down on the bed to think of what a fool I had been. The mystery still intrigued me, but I definitely had resolved not to try creeping up on an armed man, counting that much money, again.

That morning at breakfast I inquired, innocently, if any of my host's family had heard strange sounds early in the morning. The answers were a hundred percent negative. Then I realized that they all slept downstairs and such a sound would hardly carry directly through the two-foot adobe walls that separated the two houses. I walked by the open gate to my neighbor's patio several times that day, but without any luck. I hated to tip my hand by any other inquiries. One thing I did notice as I passed was the lovely rose garden inside. Once, in the late afternoon, I saw my neighbor, stooped over one of the rose bushes, but his back was turned and I couldn't just stand there in the street and stare until he turned around.

The next morning I was again awakened by the sound of tinkling silver. The thing was beginning to get under my skin. The more I thought of it, the more I was convinced that I had better make no inquiries at all. They might arouse suspicion and, so

far, it seemed I was the only person who shared even part of his secret. The next day was the same, except I came home in the forenoon from a short walk just in time to see the back of my neighbor, who was boarding the bus to the next town. He was carrying a small suitcase, and it was obviously heavy. I remembered, then that there was a bank in the next town, and none in ours, so I put two and two together. The plot was thickening. He was cleaning those coins so he could deposit them in the bank without their arousing suspicion.

\* \* \*

Several more days went without my getting any farther with the mystery. Every morning, I was awakened by the sweet sound of clinking silver. The man certainly must have gone through that sack of coins and started on another, by that time I was in one of those situations where only characters in books seem to have enough ingenuity to solve the problem. Things had reached the point where I could think of little else but the mystery of the Mexican miser.

Finally I decided a change of scene would do me good, so the next morning at breakfast, I announced that I was going to the next town, for the day, and I asked if any of the family would like to go. My host said he thought not, but that our next door neighbor would probably like to ride along. He explained that this gentleman made frequent trips there and would probably welcome the change from a crowded bus. One of the youngsters went to inform him, and returned with the word that he would be delighted to go with me, and would be ready in fifteen minutes.

I rushed upstairs to get ready, trembling with excitement. At last, things were coming my way. I was bound at least to find out something of the man's background. When I came down, he was sitting in the "sala," waiting, and my host introduced us. He was very friendly, and glad to get a ride. Beside him on the floor was the little black suitcase. I was really getting somewhere. It was beginning to work out just

Continued on page 59

## Spring of Life

By Thomas Morris

OLD and brown lies the field, waiting to find  
 Whether sun or wind will win the war they wage  
 On ancient battleground, where countless age  
 Has died on age, beyond the reach of mind.  
 Before the red man watched his brothers, kind  
 And cruel, pick painful ways across this stage  
 By piecing low, rock walls, an older sage  
 Once stared and saw, though all his sons were blind.  
 Although his hand held tight a knife of flint  
 For killing bashful deer, that day he stood  
 In silent awe and watched his faithful friend,  
 Unseen and cold, awaken grass whose glint  
 Of golden green soon spread, like fire through wood.  
 Enkindling sparks a million men would tend.

# The Navy that Crossed Mountains

By John Wisdom

**F**OUR hundred years before modern naval engineers began prefabricating ships, often building them miles inland, then transporting them overland to the sea for assembly and launching, this bold technique had already been used by one of the world's most adventurous shipwrights.

The man was Martin Lopez, master shipbuilder and adventurer attached to Hernan Cortez' little band of Spanish conquistadores. To Lopez goes the credit for building the first navy on the American continents. His ships, thirteen in number, were carried over ten thousand foot mountain passes and engaged in naval operations which were the key to the Spanish conquest of the Aztecs.

In 1519 when Cortez set out on one of the most dramatic adventures in history, landing a band of some four hundred men on the coast of Mexico, burning his ships behind him, then probing into the very heart of the Aztec Empire, Martin Lopez was with him. Lopez was among the first of the Europeans to view fabulously rich Aztec Capital, Tenochtitlan (Mexico City).

The capital was an island fortress situated in the eight thousand foot high salt water seaway, Lake Texcoco. It was linked to the mainland by a series of easily defended causeways and bridges.

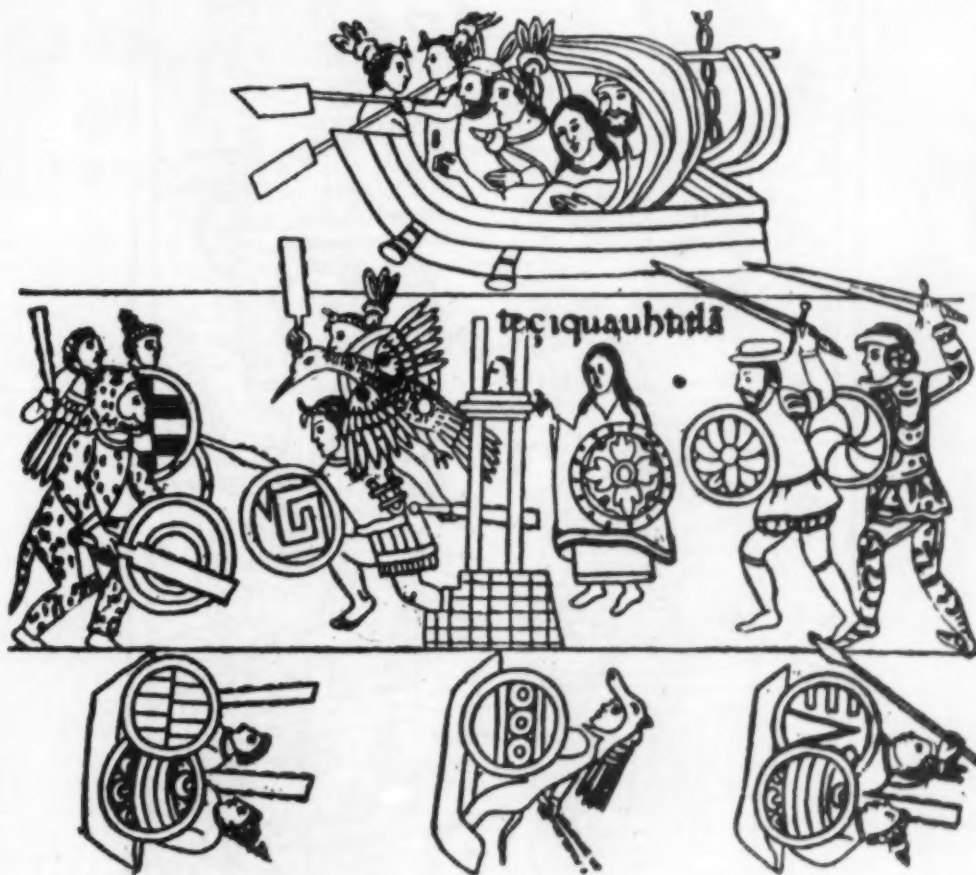
Although the adventurers were welcomed at first, the welcome wore thin. Within a short time the fury of the Aztec people and warriors turned upon them,

and following a bitter struggle, they were forced from the city in rout. When Cortez reassembled his forces on the mainland, three quarters of his men had been lost. The Spanish withdrew to Tlaxcala, an independent nation to the East who had allied with them. Here they made plans to retake the Aztec capital, an operation considered quite impossible unless they could control the Aztec sea, thus flanking the defenders of the Tenochtitlan causeways.

It was Martin Lopez who devised the bold plan of building a fleet of fighting ships at Tlaxcala, carrying them over the mountains between the volcanic cones of 17,000 foot Popo and Sleeping Woman, then reassembling the fleet at Texcoco, a city on the edge of the Aztec sea.

Employing four Spanish sailors and Indian workmen, Lopez began work. By Christmas, 1520, the brigantines were completed: an incredible navy fashioned in a mountain-locked "factory," devised without suitable tools, supplies and even enough nails. The ships were tested in a hand-dredged section of the Zahuatl river, then were taken apart.

A few weeks later, Lopez organized one of the most spectacular transport jobs in history. He began moving his fleet to Texcoco which Cortez had captured. Lacking wagons and mules, everything, —ship parts, cannons, supplies and tackle were carried by some two thousand Tlaxcalan Indians.



The story of the first navy built in the Americas is told picturesquely in the old Indian Codices (picture writing) preserved in the Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City.

This picture, from the Lienzo de Tlaxcala codex, shows one of the Spanish brigantines (boat at top) coming to the aid of Cortés and some of his Tlaxcalan allies (center strip) who are caught on the causeways and being attacked by Aztec foot-soldiers and canoes.

The convoy, a two-mile long serpentine train began the dangerous, sixty-mile, four-day trek through enemy territory. Lopez, the small body of Spanish guards and the Indians were constantly on the alert for an Aztec attack. Pack-bearers single-filed through rough ravines, up roadless mountain flanks, climbed the ten thousand foot wind blasted passes. When they finally approached Texcoco the convoy extended over five miles and took six hours to pass into the captured city.

Texcoco, second largest of the Aztec cities, was situated a half mile from the lake shore. Since Cortez couldn't spare a force to guard a lake-edge shipyard and the city as well, Lopez set up his drydocks within Texcoco. To get his ships to water he organized an eight thousand man work party which built a canal complete with dams and locks, from the city to the lake. Meanwhile the brigantines were reassembled, outfitted and, it is said, caulked with human fat taken from the Aztec sacrificial altars.

On April 28th ships were launched. For the Indians it was an awesome sight. These were the largest ships they had ever seen, and the first powered by wind and sail.

Three hundred men made up the complement of

the ships, and Cortez himself took command of the fleet for its first operation, an amphibious attack against a strongly defended Isthmus in the lake. Within a matter of hours the point was taken.

Shortly afterward, a tremendous fleet of Aztec war canoes set out from the harbors of their island capital to challenge the Spanish. They came in such numbers they seemed to darken the sea surface. Unfortunately, the Spanish ships were becalmed and at the mercy of the oar-propelled Aztec boats. The Spanish hastily tried to shift their cannons, then abruptly a cheer went up. The sails of the brigantines began to fill. Getting under way, Lopez' remarkable fleet bore down on the attackers. An hour later the waters were covered with shattered canoes and drowned men. Scarcely an Aztec craft regained its port; and Cortez was left master of the Aztec sea.

Later in the summer, when the Spanish made their final furious assault on the city the fleet drove the Aztec defenders from the key causeways and made direct attacks on the city.

An empire of hundreds of thousands was shattered and their capital captured by a handful of fighting men, their Indian allies and thirteen hand-made ships devised by an adventurous carpenter.



An Indian rendition of Martin Lopez' little prefabricated fleet of brigantines. These ships, the key to the Spanish conquest of the Aztecs, were built in Tlaxcala and carried sixty miles over mountains to the Aztec sea.



Tempera.

By Juan O'Gorman.

## Notes of a Journey

By Sybille Bedford

**W**HO built the City? What is the history of this jumble of Main Street and chunks intact from an almost legendary past, this rather tremendous place, so squalid, so splendid, that bears the megalomaniac imprint of three civilizations?

Many hundred years ago, the Valley of Mexico, an oval seven thousand feet above the seas, walled and sheltered by porphyry and immense volcanic rock, was a valley of great lakes and flowering tropical forests. Here on fifty islands and the shore of Lake Texcoco rose the City. Waterways fronted by low-roofed palaces of pink stone, plazas at anchor, floating gardens: Tenochtitlán, waterbound, canal-crossed, bridgelinked, ablaze with flowers... And amid the soft magic, a huge temple, a pyramid, squat, vast, solid, dedicated to some deity of war, piled without help of pack animal or metal tool, stone to stone forever.

For three centuries, back entrances were lapped by water; canoes glided to market upon canals pompous with lilies, shaded by roof-grown trees, and the royal barges sailed the lake between the Mainland and the Summer Palace.

Then the Spaniards came and changed everything. They couldn't have been more thorough. After four years the City is destroyed and rebuilt, the lakes drained, the waterways filled in, the canals dry, the forests decimated. The countryside begins to look like the bare hills of Castille. Naturally the climate changes too, and the soil. The new terra firma turns into swamp. There are floods, landslides... Nine thousand Spaniards die of the fevers. Native deaths are not recorded. Only that Martian Temple, the pyramid, es-

caped. Too solid for the Old World's most accomplished efforts at destruction, it resisted demolition for some years; then by its own weight, sank out of sight into the boggy ground. There it lies, intact below the Main Square, waiting for archaeologist or messiah. The Spanish built a Cathedral on top of it and dedicated it to the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, some four hundred years before the recent promulgation of that dogma. Opposite, on the site of Montezuma's town-house (razed), they began a renaissance mansion, first Cortez' Residence, then in turn Gubernatorial, Viceregal, National, Imperial and Presidential Palace.

The fabulous past is over. From now on the history of the city is that of any sixteenth-century outpost. Ecclesiastical and administrative magnificence, throne-room and "audiencia," space and facade, the prestige building exacted by Empire and Counter-Reformation. Good sound Roman masonry, as contemporarily practised at Segovia and Tarragona, but applied to "tezontle" the local soft volcanic stone, and to adobe the native clay. Colonial products of a good period: renaissance, plateresque, baroque, churrigueresque...

The City grows, the population increases—more living, cooking, dying at close quarters. There are no drains. As the names of the Viceroy's grow longer, the administrative machine becomes creaky: from García Guerra to Diego Osorio de Escobar y Llamas, to Antonio Sebastian de Toledo Molina y Salazar and Diego Lopez Pacheco Cabrera y Bobadilla Duque de Escalona y Marques de Villena. By 1750, Spain is in full decline and Mexico a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants.

These are the years of the rat, the open sewers, of garbage rotting in the unpaved streets, of the cut-purse and the cuthroat, of cholera and fire unchecked. Madrid is considered the filthiest town in Europe; Mexico City is the death-trap of the New World. There were five major inundations since the Conquest, each followed by an epidemic. The cellars are never dry. Once the City was under for six years and abandoned to the lower orders. At the end of the eighteenth century there is some attempt at reform. Charles III. in Spain, Viceroy Conde de Revillagigedo over here. A number of things are done; Revillagigedo regulates the water supply, founds a police force and hangs a number of bandits. But it is late in the day of the Spanish Empire. Charles III. dies, Charles IV. abdicates, Ferdinand VI. (he who called thinking "una funesta mania") is deposed by Napoleon. Thirty years after Revillagigedo New Spain is gone. Viva Mexico.

During the next half-century much happens, but there is no natural growth. The War for Independence; the Kingdom of Anahuac: the first Empire; the first Republic; Civil War; War with the United States; another Republic; the Reform War; Semi-War with England and Spain, War with France; Military Occupation; the Second Empire; Civil War; another Republic... Sieges, Triumphal Extrics, two Coronations and the last auto-da-fé in the Plaza Mayor—the City stays suspended like a young man's education during a long war. Thus, the fruits of the Industrial Revolution and the appurtenances of nineteenth-century urban existence reach it late and piecemeal in the manner of exotic gifts in the baggage of travelers and occupiers. Like other hostess presents, they are chiefly for the convenience of the guest. Madame Calderon de la Barca brings a portable bath tub, the Empress Carlota one of different design; gentlemen from Bavaria start a brewery; the Americans bide the time for their own century and General Taylor arrives to sign the Peace of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which ceded two-thirds of Mexican territory to the United States, bringing nothing.

In the Eighties this trickle of the amenities becomes a flow: Plumbing, Trams, French Fashions, Residential Suburbs, a Race-Course, Gaslight—le Confort Moderne is arriving thick and fast. But it is unconnected. In 1876 General Porfirio Diaz had entered the City, was proclaimed Provisional President and

made himself Dictator for forty years. He managed—at a price—to establish internal peace, resume somewhat dilapidated foreign relations, and set out to attract foreign capital. It is the heyday of the Satrap, the Politico, the Gauleiter, of the Pampered Investor and the Quick Foreign Fortune; of Summary Executions—unreported—in a faraway province, Discreet Exile, the Very Large Bribe, the Shop Front. Every man has his price, and no man his value. The rate of interest rises to forty per cent and is only surpassed by the death-rate. Railways are built over swamp and precipice; Opera Houses, Villas and Spas, and Roads to Spas. For the first time since the murder of Moctezuma, the public aspect of the City is clean, safe and comfortable. For whom? Mexico has a bad name for political instability. Without confidence no credit, without credit no expansion, so dear to the pragmatic economist's mind. The smug Edwardian cover pulled over a semi-barbarous country by a business-minded jex-soldier is a window-dressing, not for home consumption. "There are no home consumers." Indians, fed on home-ground corn, clothed by home-spun cotton, housed by palm leaf and bamboo, working on plantations for food and hut, worked in mines for less than subsistence, make no consumer class. As in the good old days of the Conquest, the products of Mexico are wrested from field and mine by more or less forced labour and shipped across the seas.

At Diaz' fall in 1910, Mexico City has three hundred thousand inhabitants and all the attributes of that period's capitals from Railway Terminal to Gasworks. Then there is the decade of revolution and civil war, and another ritardando: Maderistas, Zapatistas, Carrancistas, Villa, Huerta, Obregon, Calles and Cardenas. Then settled government once more, and economic wooing, this time of the U.S.A. The latest lap is taken in a leap: Cinema Theatres, Motor Busses, Gasoline Stations; Juke Boxes, Coca-Cola Machines, Three Million People and tall gimcrack houses full of tiny rooms. But there is still that Indian sitting on the carb selling a string of onions and one cabbage, still fortuitous air as though the City were not a town but a sample bag, a travesty of modern urbanism, a cautionary tale perhaps: the caricature that gives the show away.

## At the Beach

By Ellen Acton

THE waves, itinerant banners on the bay,  
Lose their gallant colors on the land,  
Fall like faded bunting into gray,  
Unfurl no streaming blueness on the sand.  
The saffron pebbles dull; the scallop shells,  
The cockles and the urchins gently pale.  
Seaweed bronzes, and the light dispels  
The luster of the starfish and the snail.

This austere metamorphosis—not theft,  
Not pilfering merely of essential tint—  
Is dogma of the earth who has bereft  
Herself of lovely creatures without stint,  
Destroyed her autumn to achieve her spring,  
And cherished most the unperfected thing.

# Idol-ing in Mexico

By W. J. Granberg

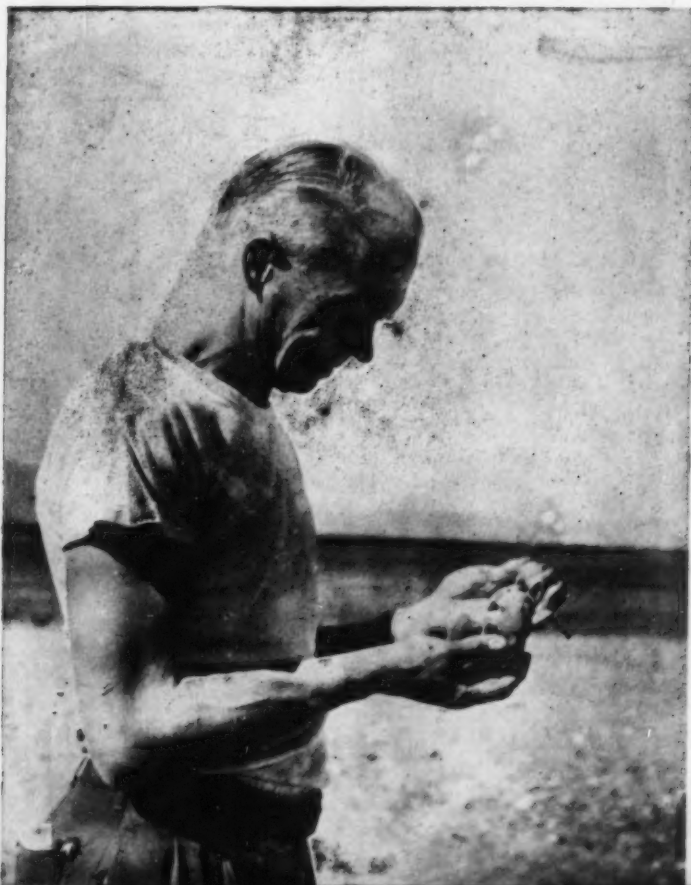
**A**LTHOUGH the trained archeologist may shudder at the thought of amateur diggers dazing around Mexico, pecking at the earth, the fact remains there is room for everybody, and he can't cover the ground anyway, not in one lifetime, or ten. With a little digging, haphazard or otherwise, almost anywhere in the land, the motorist may thumb the fascinating pages of Aztec and Toltec history.

Curiosity makes an amateur archeologist. He asks himself such questions as these: Does that flat-topped hill cover a pyramid? Where was the shore of this lake 500 years ago? Where, on this lake, would Indians be mostly likely to build a village? Are those mounds graves, or kitchen middens?

Artifacts and little images farmers may have unearthed by plowing are clues on where to dig, for their presence is proof of an older civilization in the vicinity. Such is the case of Chapala, a clean little town of about 3,500 people on the shore of Lake Chapala, largest in Mexico, and 30 miles from Guadalajara, second largest city.

A considerable number of idols and artifacts have been found near that town and yet the actual sites of ancient villages have not been uncovered. Around the shore of the lake, which has receded in recent years, scores of idols have been found, apparently

The writer poses with several miniature clay pots dug up along the shore of Lake Chapala. The pots have holes in them, as though they had been designed as a necklace.



John R. Clift, Boston Artist, poses with an image dug up in Mexico.

thrown into the lake hundreds of years ago to appease native gods. Most of the images are made of clay, while a few are of stone, crudely shaped. They vary widely in design and thus obviously cover untold years of succeeding civilizations.

The lake yields another strange item: miniature cooking pots, not much more than one inch in diameter. The little pots have "ears" on them which are pierced so they may be hung on a string. Lake Chapala also once knew pre-historic monsters, for huge leg and jaw bones, apparently those of mastodons, have been found in the mud. They are best located by wading in the warm water and feeling around with one's toes.

Corn fields on rocky slopes near the town yield clay figures and bits of pottery, turned up by rude plows, which would seem to indicate sites of ancient camping grounds, if not actual villages. A native laborer, taking out sand for road work, dug up 15 pieces of interest. They included a clay flute, shapely vases, a necklace of turquoise stones and a set of teeth made of gold.

An area virtually untouched by even amateur diggers lies a few miles west of the Mexico City-Guadalajara highway and about 30 miles from the latter city. There, just north of Laguna de Sayula and marked by the little village of San Marcos, is a huge dry lake. Dry longer than the nearby natives can remember, the sun-baked sands are hard enough along the old shoreline to support an automobile.

Along the east shore are remains of old pottery kilns, judging from the bits of pottery standing on edge in the sand, almost buried, to form circles about two and one-half feet in diameter. More puzzling are splotches of dark earth in the white sand that are shaped like stubby exclamation points. There are several of them in an area of two hundred square feet, symmetrical and aligned. What caused them is anyone's guess.

Along the western shore of the former lake are countless mounds, 10 to 15 feet long and two to four feet high. All of them are covered with bits of pottery. They may be graves, or kitchen middens that date to antiquity, only further digging will tell. Just

Continued on page 66

# Patterns of an Old City

## A RETURN JOURNEY

By Howard S. Phillips

ON THE way from the airport to the hotel, as she looked through the taxicab window, the sights seemed disconcertingly strange, and a weird uneasy feeling came to her that instead of returning to a place she knew she had wandered into a totally new and unknown locality. It was the same misapprehension, the same feeling of unreality she had sensed in the plane during the flight from New York—for she had never before travelled by air—a sensation of being caught in the web of an incongruous dream.

She believed that in some way her arrival in Mexico City would be like those in the past. She would emerge in a neighborhood similar to that of the Colonia Station, and ride along some boulevard like the Paseo de la Reforma, with its stately mansions and gaunt trees and solemn monuments, and would arrive at some hotel like the one which stood amid the sweetshops and the undertaking parlors with their coffin-filled windows beyond the Alameda. But the streets she beheld were quite unlike those she knew in the past. The car sped on through suburban plains, along landing-fields and hangars and junk-yards and railway sidings with strings of rusting locomotives, then commenced turning through the bustle of traffic over a maze of streets with discrepant buildings—nondescript streets that seemed at once very ancient and new—plunging deeper into the bewildering jumble of a city that bore no trace of resemblance to the place she guarded in her memory.

And then the sense of forlornness, the feeling that she came back to a place that no longer existed, was suddenly dispelled when beyond the baffling towering sight of an unfinished skyscraper she beheld the pillars of the white marble palace and beyond it the trees of the Alameda.

No, she thought, stirred by an echo of excitement. It's not all gone. It's still here. There is something left. Now I will know how to find my way. . . . And in that echo there was the sound of a cheerful voice, a robust masculine voice, as clear as if coming from someone who sat at her side. "It's quite a place," she heard. "A lot to see. We'll have fun here. Lots of fun."

The car was now creeping along in a dense flow of traffic, and finally came to a halt at the curb in front of the hotel. A porter briskly gathered her bags out of the driver's seat and led the way through the portico up a wide staircase. She felt a little giddy and her hand clasped the shiny banister as she followed in his step.

When Mary Carter met Mr. Donovan she was working as a hat-check girl in a Broadway nightclub. It was not one of the showy places known in those days as "lobster palaces," nor was it one of those lowlier establishments referred to as a joint or a dive, but a rather nice kind of place personally attended by its Italian owner, specializing in chianti and pastas, with decorous entertainers, a good orchestra, an ample space for dancing, and a quite respectable clientele.

Though it was something of a hardship to work at night and sleep in daytime, with the El-trains eternally roaring by her window, it was pleasant to work at Giacomo's. It was a pretty good job for a girl who had no special training; it produced much better earn-

ings than those one might get for working behind a counter in a store or toiling over a machine in a garment factory. On slack nights the tips were few and small; but there were always a few busy nights during the month which made up for it. Her income, of course, was rather modest, for she did not supplement it with a few extra dollars "picked up on the side," but it was sufficient to provide for her room and board and a bargain-basement elegance.

She went out with men once in a while, accepted an occasional afternoon invitation to a movie or a dance-hall—a girl had to do things like that; she could not be a frigid prig. She might even let herself go every now and then, providing she can keep a level head, providing she knows when to leave it or take it. It was a tough game, if a girl is not bad-looking, to be always on the defensive; but if one did not watch out and became easy one could wind up on the bum. There was, besides, as in any normal girl, especially in one who had nothing more to offer than herself, the yearning for an ultimate reward which could be attained solely through denial or at least through cautiousness.

She was not quite sure if among Giacomo's clients who made advances at her she might eventually encounter this reward. They were all either too old or too young, or obviously of the transient type: out-of-town men bent on a little fling in the big city. And though she knew that a man like Mr. Donovan could not even remotely be regarded as a prospect, there was something in his mien, in his peculiar manner—and she was certain that it was not his extremely generous tip—that made her accept his suggestion that he might wait inside till closing time if she would allow him to see her home. There was something in the way he looked at her, neither shyly or boldly but with a smile of frank admiration, which made her yield to his bid.

In the cab, when he asked her where she wished to go, she admitted that having foregone her bedtime snack with the waiters and busboys in Giacomo's kitchen, she was hungry. He laughed and said that he was very sorry, and on her suggestion took her to Child's on Columbus Circle where he watched her eat a plate of ham and eggs. Their conversation, though unhindered by strangeness, was entirely impersonal. He did not "hand her a line", made no veiled hints; he merely talked with the casualness of an old friend, and with the same casualness he told the driver, when they had again boarded a cab, to take them to a Park Avenue address. She was startled, was about to object, to put up some sort of defense, but she remained silent, feeling that there was really no cause for objection, that it would be a sham to refuse, that she was going with him willingly, perhaps even eagerly, that it was a perfectly natural thing to do.

A colored man-servant opened the door, and the apartment was of the kind she had never seen outside the movies. But she was not abashed by its splendor. It seemed to her as if this was the kind of place she would in some way eventually come to. She felt at ease, not as a fortuitous intruder, not as a chary trespasser, but as an admired guest, as one who is truly desired, for he made her feel that way.

It seemed uncanny to her, when she left the apartment on the following day, that despite this final

Continued on page 44



ALONG THE MEXICO CITY-ACAPULCO HIGHWAY.

# The Mexico City-Acapulco Super-Highway

By Stewart Morton

**I**N THE vast, nation-wide road-building program carried out by the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works under the dynamic guidance of its chief Carlos Lazo, the termination before the end of this year of the Mexico City-Acapulco super-highway—a route of matchless scenic beauty—represents a major achievement. It would indeed be impossible to calculate the ultimate benefits of this highway—the first of its kind in Mexico—for while it will greatly facilitate tourist travel between these two points, in the absence of a railway, it will also stimulate the economic progress of the entire region it traverses by accelerating the traffic of freight, and thereby promoting the growth of maritime traffic through the port of Acapulco.

It is well to recall at this point that when the Spanish Viceroy four centuries ago built the cobble-paved, stone-hedged Camino Real (Royal Highway) from Mexico City to Acapulco he created what in a short time became one of the most important links in a trade-route that extended from Spain, by way of Mexico, to the Philippines, China and India, and almost encircled the globe. It was because of this Royal Highway that throughout the three hundred years of

Spanish rule Acapulco was Mexico's most important port on the Pacific coast.

The China galleons and the plodding mule-trains and the lumbering stage-coaches have vanished many years ago, and the Royal Highway was swallowed by the jungle. Acapulco was retrieved from a century of oblivion through the construction of an automobile road twenty-five years ago, and has since then become the leading recreation center in the Republic. Greatly expanded traffic has rendered, however, this road inadequate, prompting the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works to reconstruct it upon a definitive plan.

This splendid new highway brings Acapulco much closer to Mexico City because it shortens to a very important degree—in fact, reduces almost to a half—the time required for the journey. Traveling over the old road, there were some people who made the journey in eight hours, exposing themselves, however, to considerable danger because of excessive speed. It was generally conceded that in order to make the trip with ample safety it required at least eleven hours to cover the distance of 450 kilometers, or to travel at an average speed of 41 kilometers per hour.



Mexico City-Cuernavaca section of the Super-Highway.



Amacuzac-Iguala Section.



Tierra Colorada-Garito Section.

When the new route is concluded it will be possible to journey from Mexico City to Acapulco with utmost safety in only six hours and twenty-one minutes, that is to say, cover the 421 kilometers of its length, maintaining an average speed, without any hazard, of 67 kilometers per hour. There will be some people, of course, who will make this run in five hours or even in less time, but this will not be within the margin of complete safety.

This considerable saving in time will be possible thanks to the fact that the new route will have only 810 curves, while the old included no less than 2,277. The new route, in other words, being 29 kilometers shorter than the old is also much straighter, for it eliminates 1,467 curves. Moreover, the curves along this route are much wider than those of the old, having an average radius of 71 meters 63 centimeters as against 11 meters 46 centimeters of the old.

The maximum grade, which on the old road was that of 9%, reaches, over short sections of the new route, only 6%. The average grade over the new highway is that of 4%. This lower grade will render possible the transport of passengers or freight in both directions at a greater speed, a lesser cost and a more ample degree of safety. To travel over the new highway will represent a considerable economy in fuel, less wear on tires and less strain on the motors.

Although work is being carried on at an accelerated pace along the unfinished sections of the highway, it is transitable throughout and a journey over it entails no hardships.

In order to minimize accidents and to facilitate traffic, the new highway is provided with many more guiding signs than the old. These are conspicuously placed wherever they are needed and fully indicate the entire course of the road. An especially trained force of bi-lingual motorcycle policemen is guarding its entire length.

The super-highway, much as the old, will enable the travelers to enjoy to the fullest extent the beautiful and varied landscape along its course. Although it does not pass through Taxco, the Secretariat of Communications and Public Works will preserve the old route so that tourists will have no trouble in reaching this highly interesting Colonial city.

In conquering the mountain-fastness of Guerrero, the new Mexico City-Acapulco super-highway defines a new and dramatic chapter in the growth of national communication, and eloquently voices the indomitable spirit of progress which animates the present administration.

# Mexico's Foreign Trade

By Tomme Clark Call

**M**EXICO plainly desires to emulate the industrialized powers' success in raising living standards directly through mechanized mass production. An equally strong, though less evident, motivating force behind its industrialization program, however, stems indirectly from that country's painful experience under twentieth-century conditions of international trade. Mexico, like all other Latin American nations, and earlier than most, realized that it must overcome the deficiencies of its 'colonial economy'—a raw-materials exporter dependent on imports for manufactured products—to survive in today's world. Essentially, two powerful arguments compelled that decision:

First, for nearly a century, the raw materials exported by Mexico have declined steadily in value in terms of the prices of manufactured products which Mexico must buy from the older industrialized countries, particularly the United States and Great Britain. Mexico found it impossible to expand its raw-materials production and exports on the progressive scale necessary to outrun that adverse long-range price trend, to provide indispensable imports for a rapidly expanding population.

Second, Mexico also found itself helpless to cope with the impacts on its economy caused by dependence on world trade subject to conditions and decisions in the major industrialized nations. Depression and inflation in the dominant national economies hit the periphery economies of the underdeveloped nations with multiplied intensity. Mere fluctuations abroad flooded or drained Mexico in regard to capital investment, and sucked or choked its export flow, with inter-acting effects that caused 'booms' or 'busts' racking political stability and disintegrating orderly planning for national development.

Those two forces must be understood in more detail to appreciate the life-or-death importance which Mexico attaches to its industrialization program.

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In February 1950, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council of the Organization of American States published a 'Report on Economic Conditions and Problems of Development in Latin America,' which clearly stated the foreign-trade dilemma shared by Mexico. And Mexican officials were quick to cite those findings in justification of their industrialization and trade-control policies. Briefly, the council devised a complicated index that roughly but acceptably determined the degree of the long-range past decline in the real value of Latin American per-capita export income, despite the increase in physical volume of export. Applying the index to selected Latin American countries, including Mexico, the council found:

"For the eight countries taken together the period of maximum was 1911-1915, when their exports reached the figure of about 50 dollars per inhabitant. In 1941-1945, after a slight rise in the previous five years, they were exporting a little over 31.00 dollars per capita. In order to keep their population of 103.7 million people consuming the same volume of commodities as in 1911-1915, their domestic outputs should have increased over their level of 30 years before by the equivalent of close to 2.0 billion dollars of 1948 purchasing power."

On the long-range trend since the middle of the nineteenth century, the council reported that in terms of commodities, 'Latin America receives today 46 percent less volume per physical unit of export than 82 years ago or that in order to be able to buy the same volume of imports as 82 years ago, it must export over 80 percent more than at present. This factor alone approximately accounts for the loss of value in per capita exports.'

The estimated 'loss' due to trends in foreign trade is given then for Mexico, whose highest per-capita exports in terms of the purchasing power of 1948 dollars was reached in 1921-5. During that five-year period Mexico shipped 36 dollars of exports per capita. During the 1941-5 period, the average was 16 dollars. Loss per inhabitant thus was about 20 dollars; that is, just that much less could be imported to meet domestic needs which were growing rapidly at the same time.

Obviously, if unchecked, that trend could mean nothing but lower living standards in a country several times more dependent on foreign trade for its national income than the United States. Under such conditions, also, there could not be sufficient margin for domestic savings to accumulate the capital for industrialization to counter the trend. Nor could Mexico sufficiently expand and diversify its raw-materials exports to overcome the deepening deficiency of foreign-trade income for its expanding population.

Two world wars and an intervening world depression rendered that situation intolerable. Mexico had to turn to deficit spending and foreign capital, whatever the inflationary and other adverse effects, to industrialize in order to provide more manufactured products domestically and broaden its export trade. Specialization in raw materials for an uncontrolled world commodity market—with supply and prices of finished goods ever more arbitrarily controlled in the industrialized countries—was no longer economic for Mexico, as it generally had been up through the First World War that dislocated relatively free world trade. Mexico had to abandon its colonial economic status or plunge ever deeper into irrevocable poverty.

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Mexico, like other Latin American countries, has been compelled to suffer abrupt deflations and inflations internally corresponding to capricious inflows and outflows of foreign exchange. Chronic disequilibrium in its foreign-trade balance of payments are an old story in Mexico's economic history. With a rigid productive structure, largely subsistence agriculture and foreign-controlled mining, Mexico could not shift output to meet changes in export demand, particularly in the face of a steadily mounting domestic propensity to consume imports, as occasioned by increasing population and popular demand for higher living standards.

In periods of economic expansion in the industrialized powers, primarily the United States, demand for Mexico's exports have soared and so has foreign investment in Mexico. In periods of economic contraction abroad, demand for Mexican exports has plummeted and foreign investment has been curtailed or withdrawn. Each expansion of foreign exchange has rendered it more difficult—politically as well as so-

cially and economically—to retrench during periods of foreign-exchange contraction. In its struggle for some measure of control over its own economy, Mexico, like most Latin American countries, has been led into currency revaluations, export-import controls, tariff manipulations, deficit spending, debt defaulting and revision, and similar arbitrary devices offering temporary relief at the cost of permanent stability.

It was during the 1930s depression that Latin America, including Mexico, had brought to it full realization of what dependence on foreign trade and investment meant in terms of domestic living standards. With both demand and capital cut off by the industrialized economies, the suffering in Mexico was intense. Then came World War II to flood Mexico, and Latin America generally, with foreign exchange derived from new investment and revived demand for raw materials. The effect was highly inflationary, but it was also the opportunity to begin the industrialization program which the Great Depression had convinced all to be indispensable to economic salvation.

Mexico was in a somewhat better position to grasp that opportunity than the average Latin American country. For example, in 1938 three principal items accounted for half or more of the exports of all other Latin American countries, whereas Mexico's three main items totaled less than 40 per cent of its exports. Thus Mexican exports already were better diversified than Latin American exports generally.

Consequently, with the outbreak of World War II, Mexico launched a continuing industrialization program remarkable for its rate of expansion. The course of that economic development program and its relation to foreign trade already have been discussed in detail in foregone sections of this study, but further notes on Mexico's postwar foreign-trade situation and policies appear in order here.

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World War II expanded Mexico's foreign trade and tied it more closely than ever to the United States' economy. The United States is Mexico's best customer by a wide margin of sales; and Mexico by 1950 was the United States' third best customer, running behind only Canada and Great Britain. By 1948, Mexico was buying 87 per cent of its imports in the United States and selling 75 per cent of its export to the United States. Early in 1951 those percentages were reported to be running, respectively, at 88 and 86.

Mexico's inter-American trade, predominantly with the United States, came to be about 85 per cent of its total postwar trade, against a prewar share of 65 per cent. Its Latin American trade, stimulated by war conditions, declined during the postwar period; but now Mexico is seeking its restoration, as in bilateral trade promotion with Argentina. Canada is an increasingly important trading nation with Mexico. Mexico also aims to regain war-lost trade with Asia and Europe, particularly the important prewar markets of Germany and Japan. Mexico also may benefit, short of war, from any further restrictions on East-West trade in Europe, as well as from any events that may increase Spain's trading capacities.

On the surface, Mexico's total trade picture has been improving remarkably. Total trade increased from nearly a billion pesos in 1929 to more than 5½ billions in 1948. The 1950 trade totaled 8¾ billion pesos, and 1951 saw monthly trade that topped a billion pesos. However, the 1938 and 1948 devaluation and inflation over the past decade must discount that showing in peso terms.

By means of devaluation, direct and indirect export-import controls, and increased domestic produc-

tion, Mexico by 1951 apparently had achieved the ability to manage a rough balance of foreign trade such as to maintain economic development without runaway inflation in the ordinary course of world events. It is still true, nevertheless, that any abrupt shifts in foreign supply and demand—as occasioned by a major war on firmly established peace—or relaxation of arbitrary foreign-trade controls by the government, could plunge the balance of payments into a new disequilibrium menacing Mexico's development program. In short, the recent balance appears more artificial than natural, a judgment subject, of course, to general application to postwar world trade.

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The pattern of Mexican exports has been in a postwar flux. Mexican wartime industrialization and the inability of the United States in the emergency to meet Latin American demand, which demand partly turned to Mexico, had pushed Mexican manufactured exports to 27 per cent of total exports in 1946. By that postwar year, metals and oil had dropped to 26 per cent of the total.

During the first nine months of 1950, a period of United States rearmament including the Korean war outbreak, Mexican industrial exports dropped back to 11 per cent of total exports, while metals and oil jumped to 59 per cent of the total. Throughout this period, agricultural products averaged a third of total value of exports. It was during this period that increased exports began to contribute to the favorable balance of payments that import reduction had achieved in mid-1949. The situation moved the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, in its 1951 report, to comment regarding Mexican trade:

"In view of the development of the cultivation of export crops, it may be asked whether this trend will continue and whether mining products and oil will in the future be able to regain the important place they occupied in Mexican exports until ten years ago."

Actually, the present situation appears due to a large extent to transitory emergency factors. In the long run, Mexico hopes to increase its proportionate volume of manufactured exports, to achieve permanently the earlier postwar situation which the Pan American Union Department of Economic and Social Affairs had considered 'conclusive evidence of Mexico's progress in the industrialization of the country.' Oil may well become a re-established major export item, but metals may go increasingly into domestic industrial production. Finally, Mexico may be forced to curtail its emphasis on agricultural exports, result of abnormally high prices for those crops abroad, and devote more resources now so used to domestic food production. President Aleman was pleased to note in September 1951 that the improved trade situation 'allowed for sales of exportable products without having to resort to barter deals,' a trade device with which Mexico has had disappointing experience during the postwar years.

Through devaluation and governmentally imposed import restraints, Mexico reduced its imports steadily from 719 million dollars in 1947 to 500 million dollars in 1950, achieving a favorable trade balance by the latter part of 1949. Meanwhile capital goods for home production increased from less than two-thirds of total imports in the first two postwar years to approximately three-fourths of the total in the 1950-51 period. Importation of consumers goods, despite necessarily continued heavy importation of foodstuffs, declined in proportion. Agricultural and industrial machinery accounted for about a half of imports dur-

Continued on page 48

# The Dishonest Merchant and the Lady

By E. Adams Davis

**Y**ES, Señor, as you say, this Viceroy was a great man; but he would of necessity have been a great man for he had five names, Juan Vicente de Güemes Pacheco y Padilla, Conde de Revillagigedo, and any man with five names has an advantage over a man with only two or three. He was viceroy of New Spain for as many years as you have fingers and he was the most honored for his justice, the most renowned for energy, and the most feared for his severity of the whole dynasty of Spanish viceroys. My father's grandfather, who was living at that time, knew well—in fact, he served him for some time as a companion on his nightly walks about the city—and he said the Viceroy was a man of much energy and constant action. Of course, he was a young man, and it is well known that young men have more energy than those who have many years behind them.

This story, Señor, which I will relate to you is not a long one and I will not detain you from your activities for any great length of time.

When this Viceroy, the Count of Revillagigedo, was governing the country, there lived a great lady of considerable fortune on one of the better streets of the City of Mexico. My grandfather did not know exactly where she lived, but she owned a great house in the city, and another one in Cuernavaca, and one at some distance in the country where she would go on Sundays and holidays. Her husband, who had been a respectable man and a gentleman of property, had been dead for some years, and she had been left to manage her estates without the benefit of a man's advice—and that, Señor, was very bad, for it is obvious that a man's head is better than a woman's on matters of business.

This elderly lady was dignified, and she had a kind heart. My father's grandfather, who knew her well—for he had on one occasion, at the Viceroy's direction, accompanied her to the theater—said that her acts of charity were many and that all the people of the city loved her. She dressed in the best of fashion and even had most of her costumes made in Spain, which was a true sign of her great wealth. She had a small coach in which she traveled about the city and a private diligencia in which she made longer journeys. It was observed that she was never heard speaking harshly to her coachman or servants.

On one occasion, Señor, this lady found herself in financial straits, because her rents were late in being paid; so she went to a friend, a great and respectable merchant, to borrow some money for a short period. The merchant was much surprised at this situation, for the lady had never been known to borrow money before. However, as she was a good friend and inasmuch as she had brought along a case of va-



Water Color.

By Ruth Van Sickle Ford.

luable jewels as security for the loan, he readily agreed to let her have some eight hundred dollars. They talked for a while, drank their wine, and finally he went to his strong box to get the money, which he gave to her. She handed him the jewels and, without signing any formal document—for they were good friends—she departed for home.

At the end of a few weeks' time the lady's rents were paid, and not wishing to be longer in debt to her friend—it is not a good thing, Señor, to have dealings in money with one's friends, for I well remember that on one occasion my own father lost a very good friend because of some trifling financial matter—she went to the merchant's house to repay the sum and to get back her jewels.

The man accepted the repayment of the principal and the small interest charge and arose to bid her good day.

"You have forgotten the case of jewels I left for security," said the lady, not knowing exactly what to say for fear of offending her friend.

"A case of jewels, you say," said the man, acting as though he had never heard of them. "I have no jewels, for the loan was made in friendship, and I would not think of asking so good a friend for security."

"But you will recall, Señor, that I brought the jewels to you, as I did not wish you to take any risk on my account because of our friendship."

"But no, you did not bring any jewels, my dear lady, for I do not have any here."

The lady protested, but, as there had been no witnesses to their transaction, she could do nothing and so returned home very angry at the man for defrauding her. She discussed the matter with some of her friends, one of whom was a noted lawyer, but they could give no advice about how she might effect the return of her case of jewels. Finally someone suggested that she go to the Viceroy.

The next morning she was conveyed to the great palace that still stands on one side of the grand plaza—which, Señor, most people today call the Zócalo, or pleasure garden—and upon her servant's knocking at the grand entrance, she was instantly received within and in a few minutes admitted to the chambers of the Viceroy. He received her with courtesy and after a few minutes' polite conversation asked the ob-

ject of her early morning visit. She told him the story and upon its conclusion admitted that she did not see how he could help her. The Viceroy was a resourceful man; but he, too, recognized that here was a problem which would take considerable thought, so he asked her to come back the next morning, that he might have the opportunity to study it and to seek advice.

The next day she returned and found the Viceroy surrounded by books, as if he had been reading all the old laws—and of course, Señor, you are aware that there are many old laws in Mexico. He said, "Were there any witnesses to your transaction?"

"No, Your Excellency, there were none."

"Did you tell anyone about it?"

"No, Your Excellency, I told no one at the time, for it was a matter which I did not wish discussed about the streets of the city."

"Is it possible that some servant passed into or through the room while you and the merchant were discussing the transaction?"

"There was no one in the room during the whole time."

The Viceroy pondered for a long moment, made some notes from several books, then reflected again. At last he asked what seemed to her a most peculiar question, "Does the merchant smoke?"

"No, Your Excellency, he does not," said the astonished woman. Not only did the question seem quite irrelevant to the problem at hand, but, as she thought a moment, she realized that it was doubly peculiar because the Count of Revillagigedo had a well-known aversion to smoking. He would allow no one in his apartments or even in the whole palace to smoke. So strong was his dislike of the habit that whenever anyone had occasion to visit him either for business or pleasure, they made certain that their breaths and their clothing had been carefully cleansed of the offending odor. This was the Viceroy's only eccentricity.

"Does the merchant take snuff?" he asked after another moment's reflection.

"Yes, Your Excellency, he does. He is very fond of snuff and has a unique and beautiful gold snuffbox upon which his name is engraved. His wife gave it to him years ago as a wedding gift, and it is well known that he never parts with it, even for a moment."

"That is enough," said the Viceroy, smiling broadly and pounding his right fist into his open left palm. He rang for a servant and told him to go immediately to the merchant's home and order him to come at once to the palace. Then he turned again to the lady, "Your jewels will be restored to you. I now see the way. Retire into that chamber and, if you wish your jewels returned, please make no sound. Leave everything to me."

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Within a few minutes the merchant arrived, and the Viceroy greeted him with an effusiveness quite different from his usual custom. He embraced him while a servant brought them wine of a rare old vintage. The merchant was overwhelmed by the deference shown him.

"I have asked you to come to see me," said the Viceroy, "in order that I may get your advice upon certain matters on which, through your mercantile experience and position, you are exceedingly well informed. In thus aiding me you will perform a great service to the state."

Now the merchant was indeed overwhelmed; he straightened in his chair and assumed a more dignified air. He was a man of consequence, for had not

the great Viceroy, who was well known to be one of the most intelligent men in all the Spanish dominions, called him into counsel?

The Viceroy immediately plunged into a conversation about matters concerning the importing of goods into and the exporting of certain commodities from the country. He gave his own opinions, but he listened very attentively to those advanced by the merchant and upon several occasions changed his ideas to more nearly fit with those of the extremely happy guest, who realized that the Count highly valued his comments and his judgments.

Suddenly the Viceroy put his hand into the pocket of his waistcoat, then successively into all the other pockets of his costume. He frowned slightly, with the air of a man wanting something from his pockets which is not there. He searched again but was not successful.

"Bah," he said, "I have mislaid my snuffbox. Will you kindly excuse me a moment while I go to my private chamber and get it?"

The opportunity was too good to be missed for the merchant well knew how much the Count appreciated little intimate gestures from his friends. He wasted not a moment.

"Your Excellency," he said, "may I have the pleasure of offering you my box?"

"Ah, with much pleasure," smiled the representative of the King of Spain.

The Viceroy took the box but, instead of taking snuff, plunged again into the matters of business, holding the box idly in his hand as if with the intention of using it at the first lull in the conversation. When the two had reached a joint decision on some matter, the Viceroy excused himself a moment while he went out to give some instructions.

Once outside the door, which was immediately closed by a servant he called a messenger and dispatched him to the house of the merchant, giving him the snuffbox and ordering him to tell the merchant's wife that her master wished a large jewel case of certain markings to be returned by the messenger to the viceregal palace. The snuffbox was to be used as the identification token. The Viceroy then returned to the apartment where the merchant was sitting and began to discuss matters of state.

At length the messenger arrived and, calling the Viceroy from the room, handed him the jewel case, which the Viceroy immediately recognized from the description given him by the lady. But wishing to make certain that this was the lady's case, he ordered it taken into another room of the palace. Then he went to the room where the lady was and asked her if she would like to see some silver which he had lately purchased. Upon her agreeing, he led her through several rooms, but in one she suddenly stopped and cried joyfully, for there on the table was her jewel case. The Viceroy was convinced and requested her to wait but a little longer, then returned to his other guest.

Entering the room, he said, "Before going any further with these matters of state I wish to know something of a certain piece of business in which you are personally interested." And he mentioned the lady's name and the loan of the money.

"Yes, Your Excellency, she is a very personal friend of my wife and myself. Some weeks ago, being in need of certain funds, she came to me, and I loaned her eight hundred dollars, until such time as her rents were paid."

"And did she not offer you any security?" asked the Viceroy.

"Of course not, Your Excellency. The money was lent without security, for, inasmuch as we are good

Continued on page 56



Oil.

By Doris Rosenthal.

# Through Latin America with Knife and Fork

By Scott Seegers

**T**HE GASTRIC WORRIER whose chief concern when traveling is whether he will be able to eat as well in foreign lands as at home need fear nothing at the hands of Latin American chefs. This type of traveler usually stays at only the biggest hotels in the biggest cities. In these chromium-plated establishments he can order his breakfast ham eggs in English, and the waiter's response will probably be, "Yes, sir. Eggs straight up or over light?" In the big hotels steak is steak, salad is lettuce and tomatoes, and chops are chops. Pancakes may be pan-que-ques, but they'll be more or less the same flap-jacks that are tossed in the window of the Atomic Grille down at the corner. From one end of Latin America to the other, it is possible for your eyes to take in a dozen new worlds of adventure while your insides remain mutely ignorant that their owner has left home.

But if you're a person who likes to explore with all his senses, the southern lands offer a bewildering variety of dishes that will stimulate and delight you, pique your curiosity, sometimes sear your pepper-sensitive throat, and occasionally scare you half to death. Most of the time the adventurous eater will have a wonderful time, get fat, and be entertained and beloved by all.

Even if you're in a hurry, you have a good chance to learn much about Latin American dishes. No matter how tight your schedule, you will eat three meals a day. If you do no more than concentrate on the favorite local or national dishes, which are invariably a treat, you will store up many savory memories in a

couple of months' quick swing through Latin America.

The problem of choosing your meals is best left to a friend or acquaintance who lives in the region concerned. If you know no one, entrust the choice to any good headwaiter and you will dine with Olympian grandeur. Your dictionary will be no help at all, since many of these regional dishes go by purely local names that would mean nothing even to a Spanish scholar. Indeed, some are not Spanish at all, but Indian words referring to things that did not exist in the Old World. Take the delicious tropical pitahaya, the fruit of any one of several tree-climbing vinelike members of the enormous cactus tribe. The fruit is oval, the size of an extra-large plum, with red or purplish skin. Your knife sinks easily into the meat, which is pearly white, dotted with tiny black seeds, juicy, and of rare delicacy and sweetness.

The pitahaya was outside the experience of those original Men Who Came to Dinner, the Spaniards, so they used the Indian name and found the fruit pleasing. They also found it laxative, as have later visitors. Although you may be tempted to eat four, hold yourself down to one per meal, as either appetizer or dessert.

I found my first pitahaya dangling just out of reach beside a forest trail in the State of Chiapas, Mexico. I knocked it down with a stick, peeled it, and ate it to still my hunger. Since then, I have found it in the tropical rain forests of several countries, and occasionally in the markets. In Cali, Colombia, the Alferez Real Hotel makes a point of serving lavish platters of fresh fruit at every meal, and if you ask

for a pitahaya, you will find it neatly split on the table at the next meal.

Other exotic fruits such as chirimoyas, papayas, and guavas are pretty well distributed throughout the tropical zones. So are avocados, which you will find stuffed with a great variety of things, all good. Then there is the naranjilla, a citrus fruit that conceivably occurs in other places, but which I have encountered only in Ecuador. Its thick green juice was served cold as an appetizer, which it truly was. Nuances of flavor and fragrance cannot be described accurately, of course, but if it were possible to mix lime and banana in subtle proportions, the result would come somewhere near naranjilla. In the area around Aguadulee, Panama, the cashew nut also provides a highly refreshing beverage, squeezed from the pods.

Another dish not in the dictionary is "juey." "Juey al carapacho," to give the full mellifluous name. This fabulous Puerto Rican delicacy is the lowly land crab fattened, stuffed with herbs and seasoning and baked with an egg sealing the hole in the shell. You won't see it on the menu at the Yankee-packed Caribe Hilton, but you will find it worth the trip to wherever you may have to go to get it. Most of the better restaurants will be happy to provide juey if you notify them well ahead. For this, like "paella valenciana" and the mint julep, demands of its creator plenty of time, choice ingredients, a loving hand, a pure heart, an upright character, and the soul of an artist. Two jueyes will fill you with well-being and benevolence toward mankind.

Corn and beans are the food staples of most Latin American countries, and one finds them served in a hundred different ways. Surely the most spectacular bean-based dish of all is the Brazilian feijoada, which, besides black beans, contains various cuts of pork and special types of sausage, seasoned with salt, red pepper, onions, garlic, coriander, and bay leaf. It is usually served with side dishes of rice, sliced oranges, and couve (a kind of kale). To wash down this heavy meal, Brazilians ply themselves with batida, which is the local cachaca, or rum, with lemon juice.

In Rio you will discover a staggering feijoada at Forna da Onca (Jaguar's Den) on Avenida Atlântica, Copacabana. This restaurant is also the inspired source of many other Brazilian dishes such as the toothsome roast stuffed pork (porco assado) and farofa. There is a vast difference, by the way, between the gently bred farofa of the coastal cities and that which confronts one in the interior. Farofa gets its character from meal of the starchy manioc root, and along the coast eggs and butter and perhaps a bit of onion give both flavor and suavity. In the thorny backlands, however, farofa sheds these decadent foibles and challenges teeth and gums with unadorned flinty particles.

Often in Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru I have enjoyed loco de choelos, a potato-and-corn soup so rich and nourishing that, with salad and coffee, it makes a meal in itself. But other courses will follow—about five, as a rule. So take the soup moderately unless you have greater-than-average cargo space.

Pickled ears of corn hardly bigger than a finger are a favored delicacy in the Andean countries. These tiny ears are also found in stews, such as the famed puchero of Uruguay and Argentina. Another integral part of a proper puchero is the marrowbone. This stew may be based on chicken, beef, pork, or almost any other meat, or a mixture of several. It is a true potpourri that includes rice, any number of vegetables, and a fairly spicy sauce.

Perhaps the best place to try it out in Buenos Aires is El Tropezón, an ancient, unpretentious, and revered restaurant on Calle Entre Ríos. El Tropezón

reaches the full flower of its day about three A.M. after all the night clubs have closed and celebrating porteños have suddenly realized that tomorrow, with all its tasks, is upon them. Such a thought quiets the gayest spirit, and a good muscular puchero salts down the stomach for the day's responsibilities.

The subject of Argentine food can, of course, be endless. The visitor will automatically sample the superlative wares of the London Grill, La Comega, Shorthorn Grill, and La Cabaña, and will continue to sing the praises of lomos, baby bifés, and parilladas long after his return home. While he is making the rounds he ought not to miss the Plaza Hotel's pepper steak.

But River Plate nourishment undoubtedly reaches its peak in the asado, roughly equivalent to the U.S. barbecue. Whole sides of beef are staked around a big, glowing bed of coals, drenched at frequent intervals with a carefully compounded sauce, and turned this way and that to get just the proper amount of heat and fragrant smoke. On a grill over the fire several different kinds of sausage sizzle. Mate is, of course, the classic drink for an asado, but of late years many people seem to be leaning toward coffee. Good red wine from Mendoza Province is also indispensable.

When you are surfeited with the richness and quantity of Argentine food, and desire the mild astringent of a juicy grapefruit, ask the B.A. waiter for GRAIL-peh fru-EET. The Spanish word, toronja, comes perilously close to a slang word unacceptable in polite society. Another such etymological reef that has wrecked many a diner-out is the pink-fleshed, pepsin-filled papaya. Everywhere else in the world, so far as I know, the word is "papaya." In Cuba, however, it is fruta bomba, and one does well to remember it.

The original and provocative Mexican cuisine is so well known to North Americans that it is virtually superfluous to describe again the delights of guacamole, toasted tortillas, tacos, a score of different kinds of empanadas, or meat pies, tamales, and the countless Mexican egg dishes. I don't know where chicharrón, the puffed-up, deep-fat-fried flakes of pigskin, was invented, but it was in Mexico that I first sampled this delicacy.

I should like to knock down the myth that all Mexicans drench their food with the hottest pepper obtainable. True, certain dishes do call for pretty spicy seasoning, but in many Mexican homes food is served completely unpeppered. Here and there on the table is a saucer containing a dozen or so small, tapering pods of hot pepper. As he eats, each diner nibbles at these fiery objects, taking in much or little seasoning, or none at all, as he desires.

Along the west coast of South America the explorer will come face to face with seviche. This is a first course composed mainly of raw fish marinated in lime juice, peppered to rival molten lava, and served cold. If you are sensitive to highly seasoned foods, you are seriously advised to stay clear of it. In the Trocadero in Lima my wife complained after two bites that her glasses were fogging over. If you can take the pepper, you will find seviche wonderful. Beer helps, by the way.

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Lima is blessed with a number of top-notch restaurants, of which the Trocadero is one. Others are Chez Victor, which, though it is usually crowded, somehow manages a leisurely atmosphere and efficient, unobtrusive service, and Lima de Antaño, devoted to fabulous dishes of the colonial era. And no one should leave Lima without trying the Maury. In that ancient hotel you can wander from one immense dining room to another until all sense of time and

direction is lost. The walls and corridors in the Maury are lined with mirrors and glass cases in which florid colonial silverware reposes, and all the waiters seem venerable, quiet, and expert. Lima also boasts a good choice of Chinese restaurants, locally called *chifas*. With only slight concessions to geography, these serve delectable versions of the Chinese dishes available in New York or San Francisco.

While on the subject of good restaurants generally, I should like to compose an ode to the *Temel*, in Bogotá. The food there is generally more cosmopolitan than *criollo*, but in the *Temel* I have never found any dish less than excellent.

I shall also long remember hallacas, a particularly Venezuelan edition of minced beef pie that sent me full and content from the great Hotel Jardín in Maracay; the kidneys in wine at the Hotel Avila in Caracas; and the magic worked on red snapper by the chef at Chez Ernesto, which stands beside the Caribbean at Macuto, not far from the big airport at La Guaira.

Preparation for a visit to Chile should include fasting and prayer, for the traveler will have a rough time. Chilean hospitality is intense, continuous, and full of hubbubbing spontaneity that deludes one into thinking he can keep up the pace for a few more days when he is really ready for the grave. In many visits to that narrow land compressed between sea and mountains I have never discovered when Chileans sleep. I believe it must be between 5:30 and 6:00 a.m., unless there is a party somewhere. Usually there is.

In any case, cooking in Chile has its place with music, literature, and the other arts. The Chileño seems to eat for the purpose of appraising and appreciating the expertise of a chef rather than simply to keep his body going.

For me, at least, the most memorable of Chilean dishes come from the sea. The frigid waters off the coast teem with fish and crustaceans of every sort and condition, and the turbulent snow-born streams spilling down the rocky flanks of the Andes are thickly populated with enormous trout that seem to have no higher ambition than to leap at a hook.

One of the most unlikely seafood dishes can best be described as a fish custard. Bits of shredded white-fleshed fish are incorporated somehow with eggs, Worcestershire sauce, chopped olives, and a subtle and complex seasoning of herbs. Dreadful as it sounds, the practical result is absolute poetry. *Locos* is another Chilean specialty—abalone pounded to tenderness, then gently cooked, seasoned, and served. The immense lobsters from the Juan Fernández Islands are consumed on the mainland in variety and with enthusiasm. I believe the chef in every hotel in Chile has his own privately-arrived-at perfection for oysters. They are all different, and all wonderful. Until my brain deteriorates with age I shall remember with gratitude the sweetness and delicacy of the firm white meat of the centolla, the giant Magellan Strait spider crab, that appeared on my plate one star-spangled night in the dining room of the Hotel Cosmos in Punta Arenas.

This is as good a place as any to warn the reader about the *erizo*, Chile's answer to the hydrogen bomb. The *erizo* is a spiny sea-urchin whose glistening grey flesh is rich with iodine. No Chilean asks a newly arrived visitor if he has tasted *erizo* until they have talked of other matters for at least an hour. Put inevitably the question comes.

Surely no more revolting savor ever outraged a civilized palate, and I cannot explain the alchemy by which, after four or five bouts, *erizos* suddenly become delicious. Few foreigners will attack the *erizo* a second time, but those who do achieve a taste for them are elevated to the status of honorary Chileño. More than once a Chilean has introduced me as

"my friend, a North American who likes *erizos*."

Some dishes become enshrined in memory through a special combination of mood and geography. One day in Guayaquil my wife and I were panting along Avenue de Octubre Street, dripping with the humidity of the coastal "winter." We sank into chairs in a big sidewalk cafe and asked for shrimp in mayonnaise. No, many there is nothing extraordinary about shrimp in mayonnaise. But we were hot, tired, and limp. The shrimp were icy cold, crisp, and fresh. The mayonnaise was heaped over them in fruitfully golden peaks of just exactly the proper blend of suavity and tartness. We ate and reveled, and thereafter no day passed without shrimp in mayonnaise until we left Guayaquil.

Once in a while the adventurous diner will find himself in a gastronomic deadfall whence there is no courteous exit, save by eating his way out. When this happens, I beg him to be a man, eat, and if possible smile. To do otherwise is rudeness to the host, whose only reward is the pleasure of demonstrating his country's customs to a foreigner. If such philosophy should fail the visitor, he can think of the good conversation these rare instances will make after he returns home. It isn't everyone who can describe in detail the taste of a worm, grasshopper, monkey, lizard, or beetle.

That beetle, incidentally, is part of the *erizo* saga. As some oysters have pearls, so certain *erizos* support at their centers a small parasitic black beetle, and discovering one of these causes the true Chilean gourmet to crow with delight. He plucks the hard-shelled jewel from its setting, tilts his head back, raises the beetle in ecstatic trajectory, and crunches it between his teeth. I am sorry to say that I flunked the beetle test.

The Mexicans have their own standard trial for the foreigner. This is the maguey worm, a fat white fellow who is extremely tasty when newly crisp-fried in butter. But he looks like nothing so much as a fat white worm, and the average visitor turns away in horror. However, it is not necessary to be brave about the maguey worm for courtesy's sake. Mexicans have seen so many foreigners go pale at the sight of one that the offering has become more a practical joke than a serious gesture of hospitality.

The edible lizard is the five-foot-long iguana, flamboyant descendant of the prehistoric dinosaurs. It is enjoyed in all parts of tropical America where it occurs. A middle-sized one costs \$1.25 in the big general market in Panama City. The meat, often described as tasting a good deal like chicken, is white, tender, and well-flavored. It never seemed like chicken to me, but neither did it taste quite like anything else I could remember. Very good, though.

I have eaten roast monkey in the rain forests of the Amazon Basin, and I must say that all present enjoyed it. We were all hungry enough to eat our boots at the time, and I have no idea whether monkey would seem so tasty without hunger's spur. Few things do.

My first severe trial in such matters involved grasshoppers. One day many years ago, in the course of a long, poverty-stricken walking trip through Mexico and Central America, I arrived footsore and all but broke in Oaxaca. I lodged at a *mesón* (accommodating both people and animals) where I paid ten centavos a night for a bare room with hooks at each corner for a hammock. I had no hammock, but when my pudgy, jolly, barefoot host, Don Angel, found that I was preparing newspaper articles about the trip, he lugged in a spavined table on which I could write by day and sleep by night.

Presently Don Angel hit upon the happy scheme of broadening my experience by having his wife prepare each evening a special dish typical of the region.

Continued on page 55



CINEMA THEATRE IN YUCATAN. Oil.

By Doris Rosenthal.

## Doris Rosenthal

By Guillermo Rivas

**F**OR Doris Rosenthal the theme of Mexico has been essentially a human story—a story of inexhaustible interest which she has been unwinding in a vivid sequence through twenty and some odd years. Indeed, her personality as an artist has been intimately identified with Mexico throughout most of her creative career.

Art in our time has come to mean many things to many people, and much of it rejects the visual reality, shuns comprehensible terms of communication, or invading the realm of the scientist seeks to objectivate the nuclear substance of matter or to unravel the riddles of the subconscious. It might be reasoned that so long as it defines honest self-exploration, an urge to discover and disclose some mysterious element of the painter's ego, some recondite phase of human experience, it deserves to be classed as art.

But the art of Doris Rosenthal achieves this basic requisite without rejecting the visual world or resorting to unintelligibility. Her profound self-exploration does not produce unfathomable charades; it brings forth the revelation of an even more recondite substance—the mystery of commonplace quotidian existence, the inherent enigma of humanity—; it obviates the secrets which are forever hidden in the obvious. Her art pursues no other purpose than faithfulness to life.

And this, I believe, explains her sustained devotion to the Mexican theme. Here, years ago, in the formative period of her growth as an artist, she discovered a closer, a more immediate approach to this eternally mysterious substance. The life of rural Mexico, pristine, unmarred, elemental, hardly touched by the

boons of mechanization, revealed its human element more readily; it could be approached and perceived more directly than the complex existence in the stone and steel bound cities of the north.

And the pursuit of this life has been a sustained pilgrimage—a sequence of many journeys to Mexico, intrepid journeys to the remote untrodden regions, far away from the railways, long treks on horseback over forbidding mountain trails or through lush tropical selvas, which brought her ever that much closer to the primal and unblemished margins of existence. It is with this existence that Doris Rosenthal achieved her artistic identification.

Being a woman, her affinity naturally leans toward women and children. Through their projection amid their normal daily surroundings this artist has created a vista of Mexico which is almost unknown to the average outsider, and which, nevertheless, is strange only in its external character and can be readily understood, readily felt, because in its humanness it is universal. The integuments and mores of life may be different, she implies, but its intrinsic substance is the same everywhere. Children at school immersed in study or absorbed with some fascinating toy, women bent on their daily chores, at rest or at play, daydreaming, primping, bathing in a river, indulging their innate vanities, are brought out with a clairvoyant perception of character in beautifully balanced and opulently brushed compositions.

There is a touch of humor, sometimes of gentle irony, in some of these depictions; but there is always in them an underlying sense of deep compassion which imbues her art with a throb of veritable life.

PERMANENTES. Oil.  
By Doris Rosenthal.



AT THE BLACKBOARD. Oil.  
By Doris Rosenthal.

WOMEN OF THE TIERRA CALIENTE. Oil.  
By Doris Rosenthal.





ABSORPTION. OIL.  
By Doris Rosenthal.



ALL-SOULS DAY FIESTA. OIL.  
By Doris Rosenthal.



BUTCHER SHOP. OIL.  
By Doris Rosenthal.

# Un Poco de Todo

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE

**T**HE recent shipment of Communist arms to Guatemala has brought about, in the press and elsewhere, references to the Monroe Doctrine. To many Americans it will come as a surprise to read present allusions to a Doctrine some one hundred and thirty years old. School-day memories tend to associate the Monroe Doctrine with such historical events in this nation's past as the American Revolution and the War of 1812. But it has been well said of the Monroe Doctrine that it possesses "the inherent principle of life which adapts itself with the flexibility of a growing plant to the successive conditions it encounters." Since the Doctrine has once again demonstrated its "flexibility" by attaining contemporary significance, it may be well to recall its historical background, and to examine its present international status.

\* \* \*

In 1815 Austria, Prussia, Russia and England combined to form the Quadruple Alliance. They were joined by France in 1818. This Alliance became an instrument of reaction dedicated to crushing democracy everywhere. England, however, refused to sign the secret treaty of Verona in 1822 by which the other members pledged themselves "to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative governments in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced into those countries where it is not known." It had become clear to England, with greater democratic tendencies than the others, that the Alliance was preparing to help Spain regain her American possessions by military means. But England had acquired large political and economic stakes in Latin America. Therefore, Canning, her Prime Minister, suggested to the American Ambassador that the United States and England issue a joint statement warning against any forcible attempt to reduce "the colonies to subjugation on behalf of or in the name of Spain."

\* \* \*

When Canning's proposal reached President Monroe he turned to former Presidents Jefferson and Madison for advice. Jefferson considered the question "the most momentous which has been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence," and he thought we should join with England to prevent intermeddling "on this side of the Atlantic." Madison agreed heartily. But Secretary of State John Quincy Adams strongly urged that we make the declaration on our own and not "come in as a cockboat in the wake of a British man-of-war." Adams prevailed, and on Dec. 2, 1823, President Monroe told Congress that "the American continents \*\*\* are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." Moreover, "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." These statements express cardinal principles of American foreign policy to this very moment.

\* \* \*

International law authorities have been troubled often by the problem of the exact legal status of our unilaterally sealing off a substantial area of the world. A leading British authority, Prof. J. L. Brierly, wrote that while the Monroe Doctrine is not contrary to international law, it cannot be regarded as a rule of law since the United States "claims the sole right to interpret" it. The late Prof. C. C. Hyde, a great American international law scholar, expressed the opinion that the record of long acquiescence in the Doctrine by other nations left doubt "whether non-American Powers still remain in a position to contend that what the United States opposes under the Monroe Doctrine is regarded by them as at variance with international law." But, perhaps, it was an outstanding American statesman, Elihu Root, who best captured the legal essence of the Doctrine when, in 1914, he said:

The Doctrine is not international law, but it rests upon the right of self-protection, and that right is recognized by international law. \*\*\* It is well understood that the exercise of the right of self-protection may and frequently does extend its effect beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the state exercising. \*\*\* the \*\*\* principle which underlies the Monroe Doctrine \*\*\* is the right of every sovereign state to protect itself by preventing a condition of affairs in which it will be too late to protect itself.

## CAPITAL FOR BRAZIL

Brazil wants a new Federal District. Rio de Janeiro is hemmed in by mountains and seashore. Its climate is not what it ought to be, and it is not centrally located. But before deciding where to establish a new Federal District the Government turned to Prof. Donald J. Belcher of Cornell. His firm has a contract with the Brazilian Government to make aerial photographs of the Planalto do Brazil and in this way to determine the suitability of five proposed locations in an area of 10,000 square miles.

Professor Belcher is an old hand at making aerial surveys. He has worked as a civilian consultant for the United States Government in the Southwest as well as for Canada and for European governments. In Brazil his firm will make a mosaic of photographs which will show railroads, highways, dams, farms, topography, soil, water supply, hydro-electric services and drainage.

It will take ten months to make such a survey. When it is finished the Brazilian Government will know where it ought to locate its administrative center. Brazil does not want to repeat the mistake made by Mexico City, which is built on such soft ground that its principal structures are slowly sinking.

The tract that Professor Belcher and his associates are to study lies at an elevation of 3,500 feet, about 500 miles west of Rio in open, rolling country. If all goes well the new Federal District ought to be established by 1963.

Continued on page 52

# Literary Appraisals

**MY MISSION TO SPAIN.** *Watching the Rehearsal for World War II.* By Claude G. Bowers. 347 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

**T**HIS is the book for which we have all been waiting impatiently for fourteen years. Claude G. Bowers was the United States Ambassador to Republican Spain from 1933 to the end of the Civil War in 1939, but, since he remained in diplomatic service as Ambassador to Chile until last year, he felt he could not fairly publish his account until he had again become a private citizen.

Time has not dimmed Mr. Bowers' passions or his fervent conviction that democracy was identified with Republican Spain and totalitarianism with Franco Spain, that "it was no civil war in the usual meaning of the term but a war of oppression openly waged by Hitler and Mussolini," and that non-intervention was "the plan through which the European democracies aligned themselves stubbornly, if ignorantly, on the side of the Fascists against the Spanish democracy."

In all this Mr. Bowers is absolutely right, and it is good to read these words today from one whose democracy is as pure as it can be and whose honesty and sincerity are beyond question.

\* \* \*

One would want to go on from this and say that Mr. Bowers has written the definitive book on the Spanish Civil War, one that can be recommended without qualifications to those who want to know what really happened. Alas, there must be many qualifications. His work has all the weaknesses and freshness of an account written in the heat of battle. The book has to be read in the frame of mind of 1939 not 1954. It is not judicious, unbiased, academic; it is passionate, biased and provocative. And it has an appalling number of mistakes.

Mr. Bowers makes it clear that he has written from a diary he kept during those years and from dispatches he sent to the State Department. In so far as he keeps to these he is on fairly safe grounds, but unfortunately he adds much hearsay, many assumptions, much guessing, and it is all impregnated with such strong bias in favor of the Republicans that there is an inevitable distortion. One, therefore, has to read the book with reservations, which is a pity, for there is a great mass of inside, first-hand, expert information that could only have come from Mr. Bowers and that needed to be printed. What we have is not history but some valuable material for history that experts will know how to use. For instance, Mr. Bowers gives his eyewitness testimony that during the so-called "black biennium," the two and a half years that ended with the elections of February, 1936, Spain was not in "a state of anarchy," as many claimed at that time and have since. The Ambassador went all over Spain in that period and he saw that these reports were not true. Again, his well-documented assertion that the Republican Government formed in February, 1936, which was in power when the Civil War started, did not have a single Communist, left-wing Socialist or anyone who "was not a republican and a democrat in the French and American sense" badly needed to be said.

The book contains innumerable brilliantly composed vignettes of all the political figures of those dramatic times whom Mr. Bowers knew personally. Its analysis of the intricate political maneuvering of the three crucial years before the Civil War is invaluable.

The problem for the reader will be to pick out the wheat from the chaff. For instance, the fact that Hitler and Mussolini were prepared to support a military rebellion in Spain and that negotiations had taken place was substantiated by publication of German and Italian documents after World War II. However, these documents do not make this conspiracy seem as well organized or as carefully prepared as Mr. Bowers continually claims in his book. Unfortunately he has no new evidence to offer and he ignores evidence that Moscow—as always and everywhere—was preparing to take advantage of whatever happened. Some of the Spanish Communists, who later became high officers in the Loyalist Army, were at this very time being trained in Russia.

It is not enough to say of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade that "it is true there were Communists in the brigade," when it was well known and published at the time that about 80 per cent were Communists. Mr. Bowers underrates the role of the Spanish soldiers on Franco's side; they fought as well and as bravely as the Loyalists.

Perhaps what this book misses is the perspective that the passage of time offers. If Mr. Bowers could have brought himself to revisit Spain in these last fourteen years he might well have put his emphasis more on the internal social conflict than on the world struggle of fascism and democracy in which Spain was simply used as the battlefield.

Moreover, the plethora of mistakes is truly distressing: Hostelry of the Estudiante instead of Estudiantes, Constancia de la Maura instead of Mora, Harry Buckley instead of Henry Buckley, Argelte instead of Argeles, General Ponzas instead of Pozas.

Incident after incident is described wrongly—the death of Ring Lardner's son, New Year's Eve on Madrid's Puerta del Sol, the Battle of Teruel. The description of the Battle of Guadalajara is such an utter jumble that it is mixed up with the Battle of Brunete.

One cannot say that "the story of the murder of nuns was pure propaganda without substance" when carefully documented lists of ecclesiastical authorities made after the war showed that well over two hundred nuns were killed.

\* \* \*

What is so distressing is that all these and other mistakes were so easily avoidable. There are reliable eyewitness accounts of the Battles of Guadalajara and Teruel, for instance. Mr. Bowers has left his opponents only too many rebuttals to use. The mistakes, the exaggerations, the obvious bias will be fastened upon to nullify a body of personal information that is both valuable and true and a viewpoint that is essentially sound.

The book must be read by anyone interested in the Spanish Civil War and in the preliminaries to World War II. It should also be read by those who love Spain and the Spaniards, for it is the work of a true "aficionado." Above all, in these days of McCarran and McCarthy it should be read as an example of how a true American democrat interpreted one of the most misunderstood and at the same time one of the most important events in modern history.

The conclusion of Mr. Bowers' Foreword is nobly expressed and profoundly true. "If," he writes, "we are to preserve the heritage of our fathers, we must be prepared to fight as the gallant Loyalists of Spain

fought and died, holding back with their bodies and their blood for two and a half years the flood of barbarism that swept over Europe until they succumbed to the strange indifference of democratic nations in whose defense they were valiantly fighting. World War II began in Spain in 1936."

The United States had few diplomats in those dangerous days who served the cause of democracy so well.

H. L. M.

**MACHADO OF BRAZIL: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MACHADO DE ASSIS**, by Jose Betancourt Machado. New York, Bramerica, 1953. 246 p.

THE interest aroused in the United States by the recent translations of two of Machado de Assis' books (*Epitaph of a Small Winner* and *Dom Casmurro*) makes this biography—the first in English—very timely. Betancourt Machado, who is assistant director of the Brazilian Government Trade Bureau in New York, spent eight years preparing this work. His easy, fluent style hardly betrays his Brazilian nationality. In judging Machado de Assis' works, the author has endeavored to be impartial, and has succeeded. But his hero-worship of Brazil's outstanding novelist shows through when he tries to rationalize about Machado's attitude toward his stepmother and about his apparent indifference to the abolitionist movement (although here he makes a more convincing case); or when he adopts the omniscient attitude with a rather far-fetched re-creation of his subject's thoughts. The last chapter of the book, in fact, seems like a frank acknowledgment of this veneration. There is a certain amount of misplaced emphasis. Readers may wonder why Betancourt Machado should refer so briefly to Father Silveira Sarmento, for instance, who "contributed handsomely to the enrichment of the young man's knowledge and opened new horizons for him." It is never explained how they met. Again, after a considerable build-up, the meeting with the bookseller Paula Brito—another important event in Machado de Assis' life—is never explained. On the other hand, there seems to be superfluous detail in the account of the romance of Salvador de Mendonca (then Brazilian Consul General in New York) and Mary Redman; is this because the U.S. reader might be interested in a side story about a Brazilian who fell in love with a Yankee girl? Other instances render some chapters somewhat artificial, such as the next to the last. And two notable omissions: the title of José de Alen-

car's most famous book (*O Guarani*) is never given, although a chapter from it is mentioned; then, what was *O Mundo Novo*, a magazine published in Portuguese, doing in New York in the second half of the nineteenth century? Perhaps a less popularized work would have made a better introduction to the life of Machado de Assis. Yet Betancourt Machado deserves credit for his initiative and effort.

**STAR IN THE RIGGING** By Garland Roark. 345 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co.

SINCE 1946, when his successful "Wake of the Red Witch" was published, Garland Roark has regaled his readers with salty tales of adventure on the high seas in the days of sail. All his stories have had the enchantment of mystic waters in far-away places, of tropical islands, of hexed ships, of duels to the death over rich cargoes and exotic women. In this new novel, he sticks close to his home town of Nacogdoches, Tex., getting no farther to sea than the bayous and bars of the Texas coast and the sweep of the Gulf of Mexico. "Star in the Rigging" tells the story of the little Texas Navy and its performance at a big time in history.

When in a mood to boast, Texans tell of their War of Independence back in 1836 by relating the heroic stand at the Alamo and the pay-off battle at San Jacinto. But little is said of the sailing schooners that ran the blockade and matched fire power with Mexican warships. Mr. Roark now gives us the seaside version of that revolution.

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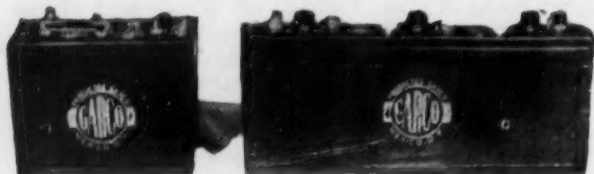
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This is a historical novel that sticks close to facts. But it has the Roark-style romance—conflict between strong men and the presence of two beautiful women, one of them a spy whose allure came close to leading astray Capt. Jeremiah H. Brown, commander of the Texas Navy.

L. N.

**PAST AND FUTURE.** By William H. McNeill. 217 pp. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

THIS remarkable book belongs to a genre, the philosophy of history. That genre runs to length, discursiveness and, since Spengler at least, pessimism about man's fate. William H. McNeill, however, is brief, pointed, and by contrast with Spengler, Toynbee, Sorokin and their fellow prophets of doom, almost optimistic.

Mr. McNeill, who is Assistant Professor of History at the University of Chicago, finds a basic pattern in world history that works through two contrasting and unevenly distributed "psychological pendants" among human beings. One is a penchant toward intellectual innovation, which is relatively uncommon. The other penchant toward "habit, custom, routine," which is the normal human state, even today, even in the West.

At four critical epochs in human history, however, innovation has strikingly got the upper hand, and has forced uncomfortable, violent, revolutionary change on the conformist masses. These epochs Mr. McNeill characterizes by their basic forms of transportation and communication, not, however, seen as simple one-way

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"materialistic" forces. They are the pedestrian epoch, the equestrian epoch, the epoch of ocean shipping, and, beginning just yesterday, the epoch of mechanical transport.

At each of these major innovations, men organized in relatively autarchic, conformist units were exposed to the fearful jostling of foreign men and foreign ideas, were literally upset and forced to enlarge their horizons and their social, political and economic organizations. These organizations have had to get bigger at each crisis, though of course not in a systematic way, and not uniformly over the earth. In New Guinea the tribes are still in our own time in the first, or pedestrian, epoch. But the succession from tribe to village to oriental empire, from city-state to Roman Empire, from medieval autarchic manor to nation-state is a clear one.

Mr. McNeill does not hesitate to apply these ideas to the present and to the immediate future. He is far from dogmatic, far indeed from the conventional prophetic vein, which is always a bit excited and indignant. His main point is that we are now in the midst of a major period of revolutionary unrest accompanying the almost incredible change in transport and communication marked by railroads, steamships, motor cars and airplanes.

\* \* \*

These changes have made one world technologically possible and indeed ultimately necessary or "inevitable." They have not altered man's nature overnight. They have not, for instance, as yet altered radically the in-group feeling we call nationalism. They have not made World Government or World Federation immediately possible. Yet they have made it very likely that, perhaps only after World War III, either the U. S. A. or the U. S. S. R., both already heads of



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"transnational" groups of states, will do for the whole world something like what Rome did for the Western world of the first century. Mr. McNeill hopes this unifying power will be the United States, and that we shall use our position to further as far as possible liberal, democratic traditions.

So brief an outline does injustice to the richness of Mr. McNeill's remarkable little book. He is, despite his obvious inability to believe that human reason can make the world over in our times, by no means cynical, hard-boiled, or even conservative. He is, as a good child of his age, doing his best to salvage what he can of the great democratic dream of the eighteenth-century enlightenment. He manages to salvage a great deal, and more especially the drive, the energy, the basic acceptance of life as a good thing—one almost said the common sense—so signally lacking in much contemporary writing on man's fate.

C. B.

**JUAN OF PORICUTIN**, by Marion Isabelle Whitney.  
Austin, Texas, Steck Publishing Company, 1953. 168 p.

MARION Isabelle Whitney is not only an excellent teller of tales but an experienced geologist, and in Juan of Parícutin she gives an exciting and authentic account of how a volcano burst into fiery life in Uncle Dionisio's cornfield, spewing ash and lava over the countryside, and how its frightful irruption changed the lives of an entire community. Because the author enters sympathetically into the minds and hearts of the child Juan and his family and their neighbors, because she shows their awe at the implacability of nature and their fearfulness at man's mischance, she makes her story come alive for the young reader. This story is too realistic for a "happy ending," but it has what is perhaps more satisfying even for the very young: an ending that shows how a stricken region and its stricken inhabitants can adjust valiantly to harsh conditions.

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# Current Attractions

## SYMPHONY

By Vane C. Dalton

**T**HE season of thirteen programs presented during that many weeks by the National Symphony Orchestra at the Palacio de Bellas Artes reached its brilliant finale with a superlative performance of Beethoven's Ninth symphony. This was a truly sensational event. I have heard the Ninth performed in this city on quite a few other occasions, but I am certain that nothing I have heard before even remotely approaches the performance the genial Sergiu Celibidache gave us as his farewell offering. The entire rendition—that of the orchestra, the chorus and the soloists—was of utmost excellence: it was a work of authentic creation.

The overflow audience at the Bellas Artes was entranced by this superb performance and rewarded it with a most clamorous and prolonged ovation at its end. Indeed, throughout the thirty years I have attended local concerts I have never heard such tumultuous applause, such countless footlight calls and inspired "Dianas." No description could be sufficiently eloquent to convey a complete idea of the ecstatic acclaim which crowned the grand accomplishment of Celibidache, of this extraordinary orchestra leader who, upon the basis of hard work, profound sense of responsibility and a singular professional competence, elevated the National Symphony to a degree of excellence it had never attained in its entire career.

The triumph this conductor achieved with the Ninth symphony is the more significant for the reason that while in its grandiose scope it is the most

spectacular of all compositions, its score undoubtedly contains many serious defects which can be overcome solely through the conductor's musicianship and technical skill. Therefore, its successful interpretation largely depends upon the conductor's ability to create a truly personal version of the score and not merely to mark its time with his baton.

And this was precisely the kind of interpretation Celibidache achieved. The instrumental defects of the score, particularly those in the third movement, were imperceptible, thanks to the rich sonorosity the conductor brought out from the wind instruments, thanks to his stupendous ability to create dazzling effects, to trace a delicate and beautiful design from the imperfect phrasing of the work.

The National Conservatory Chorus revealed on this occasion its excellent form, and, like, the orchestra, performed under Celibidache's magnificent guidance with high inspiration and yet with splendid discipline. The hundred voices of this chorus formed a consummate unison with the hundred instruments of the orchestra. The soloists—Rosita Rimoch, soprano, Belén Amparan, alto, Carlos Puig, tenor, and Luis Maria Rosas, basso, —lent the performance an added note of brilliance.

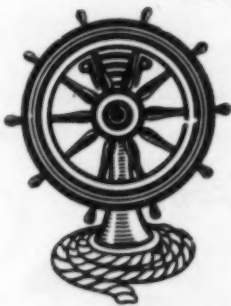
Thus ended one of the most interesting, one of the most spectacular and altogether satisfying symphony seasons in our musical annals. The National Symphony Orchestra, led in turn by such temperamentally and technically distinct conductors as Cha-

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vez, Krauss, Swoboda and Celibidache, acquired during these past two months an invaluable experience and greatly enhanced its prestige. It is unquestionably a much finer ensemble now than it was at the outset of the season.

## UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Regardless of what might be said about the scarcity which prevails in other fields of entertainment, it cannot be denied that in the realm of music this year has been one of the most abundant in our annals. Indeed, even before the National Symphony Orchestra had concluded its season, the University Symphony Orchestra initiated its season of nine Sunday morning concerts at the Palacio de Bellas Artes.

The programs are being conducted by José F. Vasquez and José Rocabruna, this orchestra's titular directors, alternating with James Sample. Angel Muñiz Toca, Jorge Mester and Carl Garaguly, guest conductors.

Jorge Sandor, pianist, Arturo Romero and Toshiya Eto, violinists, Josefina Aguilar, contralto, and Joseph Schuster, cellist, will appear with the orchestra as soloists.

The season's program is arranged as follows:

July 4th. José Rocabruna, conductor. Schubert's Rosamund overture; Wieniawski's Concerto in Re minor for a violin and orchestra, with Arturo Romero as soloist; Schoenberg's "Night of Transfiguration" and Ivanov's "Caucasian Scenes."

July 11th. and 18th. James Sample, conductor. (Programs have not been announced at the time of this reporting).

July 25th. José F. Vasquez, conductor. Wagner's overture from Master Singers'; Macpherson's Symphonic poem, with chorus of the National School of Music; Brahms' Second concerto for piano and orchestra, with Jorge Sandor as soloist, and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini."

August 1st. Angel Muñiz Toca, conductor. Arriaga's symphony; Maria Teresa Prieto's Poem for a singer and orchestra, with Josefina Aguilar as soloist;

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August 8th. Jorge Mester, conductor. Weber's Euryante overture; Beethoven's First Symphony; Mendelssohn's Concerto for a violin and orchestra, with Toshiya Eto as soloist.

August 15th. Carl Garaguly, conductor. Grieg's Four symphonic dances; Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris"; Tchaikowsky's Concerto for a violin and orchestra, with Toshiya Eto as soloist, and Shostakovich's First symphony.

August 22nd. Carl Garaguly, conductor. Mozart's Prague symphony; Schumann's Concerto for a cello and orchestra, with Joseph Schuster as soloist; Saeverud's Dolorosa symphony, and Alfven's "Delacaria Rhapsody."

August 29th. José F. Vasquez, conductor. Debussy's prelude from "Faun's Dream"; Ravel's "Mama la Oca"; Haydn's Concerto for a cello and orchestra, with Joseph Schuster as soloist, and Saint-Saëns' Third symphony, with an organ and piano, with Juan D. Tercero, organist, and Ofelia Sanchez Narvaez and Betty Montaña, pianists.

This is the seventeenth season offered by the University Symphony Orchestra, and as on former occasions, its programs comprise music of widely diverse periods and styles. While the basic aim of this ensemble is to popularize good music among student audiences, it is by no means a student orchestra. Its components are qualified mature musicians, and the excellence of its performance has secured for it a large and discerning adult public.



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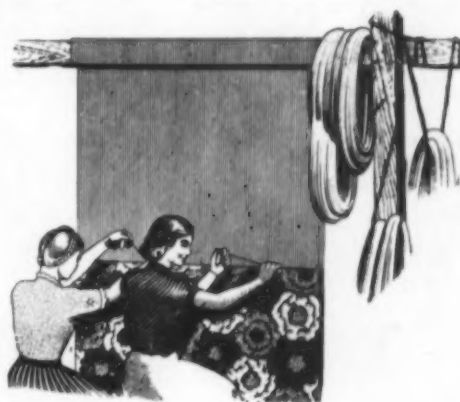
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## Art Events

**A** HIGHLY interesting group of paintings in oil by the American artist Saul Steinlauf is being shown during this month in the exhibit gallery of the Casa del Arquitecto (Avenida Veracruz No. 24). A native of Philadelphia, Steinlauf was educated in Vienna, Paris and Berlin, and has been making his home in Mexico during the past three years. He paints with a brilliant palette and his manner reflects the German expressionist school that was his art background.

**A** VOLUMINOUS collective exhibit of landscapes in a wide range of styles and different mediums by the artists who comprise the Circulo de Bellas Artes is currently open to the public at this Circulo's gallery (Calle de Niza No. 43). The following artists take part in this exhibit: Angeina Grosso, Alicia Alvarez, Elsa Llaena, Josefina Alvarez, Simone Parot, Maerina Kraus, José Bardasano, Alfredo Guizar, Agustin Tamayo, José Torres Palomar, Mario Llaena, Luis Flecer, Eduardo Coghand, Boris Antipovitch, Luis Sahagún, Antonio Baez Ojeda, Marno Delgado and Helmut Hoffman.

**T** HE Mexican-North American Institute of Cultural Relations (Calle de Hamburgo No. 115) is showing at this time a quite unusual collection of paintings in oil and water color, of ultra-miniature dimensions by the American artist Steve Kek. These tiny paintings are framed in silver medallions and may be used as jewelry. Prior to his local exhibit this artist has shown his work in New York, Paris, London, and the principal cities of South America.

**A** NOVEL exhibit, titled "Twelve Artists Paint their Studios," is offered by the "Cuchitril" gallery (Avenida Juárez No. 30). The show consists of works by Diego Rivera, Alfaro Siqueiros, Carlos Merida, Carlos Orozco Romero, Roberto Montenegro, Olga Costa, Nefero, Chavez Morado, Reyes Ferreira, Raúl Anguiano and Pedro Coronel.



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**T**HE Galeria San Angel (Calle de Galvez No. 23, Villa Obregón) is presenting a group of sculptures in wood, which include bas-reliefs, figures and construction, by the American artist Jacob Heller. The artist, who began as a painter, turned to sculpture several years ago, and for a time was a pupil of Zadkin in Paris. The influence of pre-Cortesian sculptors, applied in a somewhat whimsical manner, is prominent in the work Heller has developed during his residence in Mexico.

**A** REPRESENTATIVE collection of canvases by two 19th. century Mexican masters, José Salomé Piña and Julio Ruelas, is on exhibit at the Galeria Romano (Jose Maria Marroqui No. 5). Gathered from private collections, this exhibit comprises seventeen works by Piña and fifteen by Ruelas.

**L**ANDSCAPES, still life and portraits are the themes of nine paintings in oil and fifty drawings by the gifted artist Aurora Reyes which are on exhibit at the Salon de la Plastica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 154).

Jointly with this exhibit this gallery is presenting a comprehensive group of works—sculpture, paintings and masks—by German Cueto. Expressing himself in highly subtle abstract terms, Cueto achieves from such variety of materials as wire, cement, terra cotta, wood and bronze highly imaginative improvisations.

**A** LARGE collection of paintings in oil and water color by Mexican and foreign artists is being shown throughout this month at the Sala Velazquez (Avenida Independencia No. 68).

**J**OSE Reyes Meza is showing a number of his newer paintings and drawings at the Baz-Fischer Gallery, in San Miguel Allende. Having at one time been an amateur torero, Reyes Meza utilizes his experience in the bull-ring for the creation of quite interesting genre scenes.

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**Patterns of an Old City**

Continued from page 20

intimacy, despite this mutual surrender, which, her instinct told her, was not a vulgar frivolity, not a fleeting aberration, not a momentary and now appeased and terminated urge, the man remained a stranger. She was possessed by a novel emotion, by a feeling she could not comprehend. She felt that this had not been a mere night out, an episode of letting herself go, a discreet and pleasant deviation of no consequence, that it was something important and enduring, and yet all she knew of the man was that his name was Robert M. Donovan—for that much she had surmised from the plate on the door—; nor did she learn much more than that during their many subsequent trysts, during the many nights they spent together in the months and years that followed.

But she never sought to probe this mystery; she never regarded his attitude as that of purposeful secretiveness. She felt that whatever she knew of him, whatever he wished to disclose, was all she was entitled to know and was sufficient, for she knew the one important thing—she knew that he desired her, and that was all that mattered. Though he never wrote her during the periods of his absence, she was sure that he did not forget her, and that his returns to New York were not mere escapades, that beyond the time he spent on business they provided veritable holidays, that in a manner they served for him as a release and escape from an existence which she sensed was in some way wanting. He never spoke about this existence, and she refrained from asking questions, but he did tell her, and on more than one occasion, that the only times when he felt completely alive was when he was with her.

He exacted nothing from her; he never revealed possessive traits. He accepted her affection not as an obligation but as a gift of free will, and that indeed was the way it was given. Even when he made her an occasional present—took her to Sacks' or Altman's, merely stopping in passing by, and chose for her a dress or a tailored suit, of simple elegance and of fabrics that were so fine, so rich and beautiful that it was a sheer delight to touch them—he did it in the



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manner of a casual pastime, justifying his generosity by allusions to her splendid figure and to the pleasure it gave him to see her neatly dressed. Even when on the occasion of her birthday he gave her a cashier's check for the staggering sum of five thousand dollars, he did it with utmost casualness, merely suggesting that since she is a working girl, and that it is of course very desirable for a girl to work, it may not be a bad idea to open a savings account in a bank and have something for a rainy day.

It was a strange kind of love—not the kind of love she had expected eventually to find. It was a forbidden, clandestine, part-time love that promised no ultimate complete fulfillment, that bred despair rather than illusion, the kind of love that any sensible girl would call a waste of time—and yet, even on its part-time basis, even if it made her suffer periods of loneliness, unrest and fear, the brief intervening periods of happiness sufficed as compensation.

At times she sought to make herself believe that she could end it at will, that since there were no strings, since indeed she preserved her freedom, her future was not jeopardized. At such times she made a deliberate effort to take an interest in other men, to go out occasionally, to conduct herself the same as she did before she met Mr. Donovan. But deep in her heart she knew that she was fooling herself, that her freedom was a delusion, that things could never be the same.

\* \* \*

One day, while they were spending the afternoon in his apartment, he suggested in his usual offhand manner that since he had a little spare time on his hands, a couple of weeks or so, they might make a little trip somewhere—perhaps run down to Mexico or some place like that. He had never been there, he said, and it might be interesting to have a look at the



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place. It would be nice, he said, to go off like that to a foreign country, just the two of them, to do a little loafing, a little sightseeing, just she and he away on a lark. It would be nice, of course, providing she could get the time off.

She was not very adroit at lying, and she was sure that Giacomo did not believe the flimsy story she contrived about an ailing aunt in Hartford, but luckily there was a girl available to fill her place during her absence, and with an understanding grin and a pet on her shoulder he said, "Okay, Don' taka wooden nickles and don' do things I no do. You coma back when you come back. Okay."

It was incredible, it was fantastic, it was a voyage through a dream. It was an adventure that could happen only in a story-book. She had never gone further than Yonkers, and now she was traveling across countless miles of space, traveling in luxury, in private compartments, enjoying fine meals in the diners, speeding across the country to the border of a mysterious land, because Mr. Donovan wished it, because he treasured her companionship, indeed was making this journey mainly because he wished to be with her. It was, in fact, a honeymoon.

At the hotel in Mexico City her heart bounced when she saw him write on the register in a clear and steady hand, "Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Donovan, New York." He was performing an obviously necessary fraud, and yet she felt that he was incapable of veritable falsehood, that in its intrinsic meaning, in the secret they guarded between them, this signature had the basic substance of truth. And as if bewitched by this inscription, all the time they spent in the city, doing the things tourists usually do—riding in a flower-adorned canoe in Xochimilco, climbing the pyramid at Teotihuacán, browsing at the Thieves' Market, visiting the Cathedral, the pawnshop and the National Palace—she thought of herself as Mrs. Robert M. Donovan.

Back in New York she returned to Giacomo's, resumed her former routine without sensing a let-down. Reality was endurable, even pleasant, so long as it was relieved by a dream, sustained by anticipation. Life, she came to realize, for every one in one way or another, was largely a matter of waiting. Time dragged on during the weeks or months of waiting, then sped away imperceptibly during the days Mr. Donovan was in the city, and presently another year went by and once again they were making a journey to Mexico.

They went to the same hotel, and repeated their former itinerary of sightseeing; but everything they did seemed new and even more exciting, for there was now the joy of rediscovery, of recollection, of retreading a joyous route, of resuming an interrupted adventure. And thus, on the following year, they returned again.

It was some time after this final journey, when at the end of a more or less usual lapse of time Mr.

Donovan failed to return, that she commenced to feel uneasy. Something, she feared, must have happened. It was not like him, she thought. He hasn't forgotten. He hasn't walked out on me. There must be a reason, perhaps some dreadful reason. But there was nothing to do save wait and hope, and fight against the dire premonition.

And then one morning, as she lay sleepless in bed, the colored man-servant (who somehow traced her whereabouts) knocked on the door. She sensed a momentary elation which vanished when she beheld the look on his face. "Excuse me, Miss Carter," he said. His eyes were blinking and his large lips trembled. "Excuse me fer comin' here an'... But it's about Mr. Donovan... It was an accident. His automobile turned over. Got all smashed up. Just out of Chicago. The chauffeur got off with hardly a scratch... But Mr. Donovan, he... he got killed."

She gripped the door-knob, for her knees grew limp, then staggered back into the room and slumped on the edge of the bed. The man followed her, stood staring at her with blinking eyes, his lips trembling without uttering a sound.

"No," she finally said. "No. It can't be. You are not... You..."

"Yes, ma'am," the man resumed haltingly. "It's a terrible thing. An awful thing. I hated comin' here like this, tellin' it to you. But I felt I just had to do it. Such a fine man. A big man, headin' that important ente'prise, but never actin' like it. Always kind and acherel. Such a fine boss. I done lost my job. A mighty fine job. He kep' that place here just to... to... just to have a place where he could be by hisself... get away from Chicago once in a while. He wasn't happy there. He and his wife, they wasn't gettin' along. Livin' in the same house fer years with her and the children, but separated from them. It was you, Miss Carter, that I suppose he... he was mighty fond of. You was about the onliest person that he achelly cared for... That's why I came here to tell you..."

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\* \* \*

She did not collapse into ruin. She did not waste away. She did not destroy herself. She went on living, as people usually go on living after a devastating blow, after a tormenting loss, even if the loss is actually irreparable. For years she worked at Giacomo's, until she realized that she was growing too old for the task and switched to a job as cashier in a cafeteria, which she likewise held for years. When she quit, it was to launch a business of her own, a respectable boarding house in a sedate brownstone dwelling not too far from Broadway, for solitary and aging people like herself. In the midst of this substitute family and home, keeping busy with her daily chores, she rounded out a tranquil existence, unburdened either by longings or regrets. She had been probably foolish in her youth, threw it away heedlessly, but the rewards it brought her—brief, precarious, elusive—were great enough to last a lifetime. Life was not entirely sterile if one guarded joyous memories; and of these the most glowing, the most enduring, were the memories of Mexico.

So now, after thirty years, to the amazement of her boarders, though with their cheerful consent, leaving the care of her menage largely in their hands, she set out on this journey of rediscovery.

\* \* \*

She entered an enormous thickly-corpetted lobby, with great rough-hewn pillars and potted plants as high as trees, and feeling a little giddy, the drone of the airplane motors yet lodged in her ears, followed the bellboy to the desk. "Yes, madam. A single with bath," said the clerk, flashing a row of even white teeth in a professional smile, placing a registration card on the blotter and handing her a pen.

She started to write Mary Carter, wrote the capital M, then her hand paused, and as if guided by some superior force, boldly, unwarveringly, traced—Mrs. Robert M. Donovan. New York.



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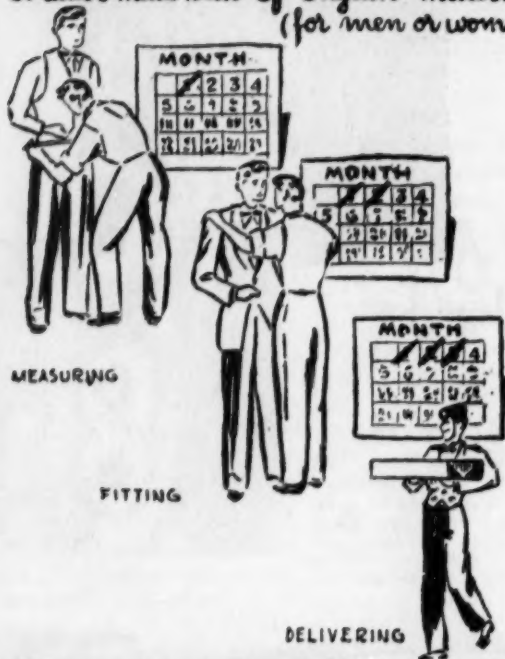
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## Mexico's Foreign Trade

Continued from page 2

ing the latter period, while luxury consumer imports were down to 6 per cent, reflecting official determination to use foreign exchange primarily to further economic development.

According to the U.N.E.C.L.A. 1951 report, with 1937 as the base years of 100, the volume index of Mexican postwar imports hit a 226.3 peak in 1947, dropped to 160.5 in 1949, and recovered to 185.6 in 1950. Meanwhile the related price index imports climbed sharply and steadily from 198.9 in 1946 to 381.4 in 1950. Stimulated by war-shortage fears, imports climbed in volume as well as price early in 1951, but were offset by high foreign demand for Mexican exports, to prevent a serious run on exchange reserves.

Although Mexico continued to depend on the United States for more than eight-tenths of its imports, Europe's share was partially restored from 6.5 per cent of the total in 1946 to 10.4 per cent in 1950, or nearly half a billion pesos. Great Britain was the principal European supplier, but Germany's share increased from virtually nothing to some 62 million pesos. European currency devaluation helped stimulate that trend of Mexican imports from that area, from a 5 per cent increase in 1949 to a 61 per cent increase in 1950. However, Mexico's imports from Latin America, which ran well under related exports that increased during World War II, dropped from 8.4 per cent of total imports to less than 1 per cent from 1946 to 1950.

\* \* \*

Mexico's foreign trade policies aim to channel imports largely into capital formation for increased domestic production which in turn will help expand and diversify exports, with better priced items, for an enhanced and stabilized income from that important source. Meanwhile, foreign trade is required to carry about a fourth of the burden of federal reve-

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nues, also devoted heavily to financing industrialized economic development. In short, foreign trade has been put to work mainly to promote the industrialization program. In time, it is hoped, Mexico may overcome the past century's unfavorable trend in terms of trade and render itself less subject to internal economic fluctuations imposed by external events. Though exact measurement is impossible from available data, Mexico appears to have made substantial progress toward that double goal in recent years.

Mexico, despite professions of favor for the principle of free trade, is becoming a high-protective-tariff country. The trend has been steadily upward since the 1930 basic tariff law was enacted, though restrained during the 1940s by a reciprocal trade treaty with the United States.

The Inter-American (Chapultepec) Conference of 1945 in Mexico City—where the United States sought freer trade through an 'Economic Charter for the Americas,—found Mexico leading Latin America in refusing to abandon trade controls deemed essential to industrializing underdeveloped countries, while demanding fairer price relations for Latin American export and import trade with the United States. Virtually the same thing happened on a broader scale at the 1947 World Conference on Trade and Employment at Havana, which was called by the United Nations for the purpose of establishing an International Trade Organization. In explaining Mexico's attitude there, Finance Minister Ramon Beteta reminded the industrial powers of their protective-tariff policies during their earlier formative periods: 'The right to industrialize is not a kind of a "right of the first tenant" which limits the possibility of industrializing only to those who get there first.'

Early postwar disappointment over being left out of the United States' Marshall Plan for European recovery, and over the amount of Export-Import and world bank loans then available, deepened Mexican determination to pursue selfhelp trade policies. Nor did President Truman's so-called Point Four Program of technical assistance to underdeveloped countries gain enough Congressional support to change Mexico's official mind to a noticeable degree.

Postwar import quotas and bans were designed

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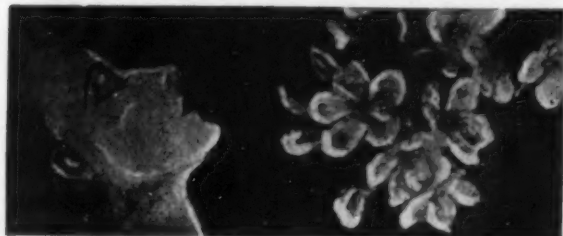
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officially to conserve foreign-exchange reserves for economic development. In many cases, however, they served the purpose of protective tariffs. On 1 January 1951, Mexico terminated its 1942 reciprocal trade treaty with the United States, already riddled by agreements for exceptions, while relaxing other import restrictions. The new tariff rates resulting from that action indicated that Mexican 'war baby' industries would get the 'infant-industries' protection they demanded, while oldline industries would continue to be assured the domestic market to the limit of their capacities.

Under existing conditions, tariff protection appears inescapable in Mexico's economic planning. Nevertheless, the government is running a serious risk of buying the immediate advantages of such a policy at too high a long-range price in barriers to world trade and hardship for domestic consumers. The danger is two-fold:

1. Undue pressure from industrialists for tariff protection beyond developmental needs, bluntly a profit-grab by special interests at consumer and taxpayer expense.

2. Lack of a full, exact, up-to-date flow of economic data on which to base tariff-structure decisions, making guesswork necessary in a field where fine balances should be struck.

The result is likely to be protective tariffs and related trade barriers both excessively high and misplaced, as well as inflexible. Such a tariff structure could prove a heavy drag on the international trade which industrializing Mexico must have to absorb the surpluses of its growing production over the demand of its more slowly expanding internal market.

Tariff excesses and errors, in turn, are likely to cost the Mexican consumer unnecessarily. Protection for uneconomic local industries can deny him access to cheaper foreign goods, and excessive protection can deny him the benefit of the cheaper goods of efficient domestic mass production. Mexico's textile industry is a prime example of the antiquated inefficiency into which undue market reliance on tariff protection degenerates.

Politically and economically, it is virtually impossible for the Mexican government to avoid a program of selective tariff protection for years to come. But for the good of its own people, it must define 'selective' and 'protective' more intelligently and firmly. The special interests of farmers, laborers, consumers, and individual taxpayers certainly should be given equal weight with those of businessmen, industrialists, and financiers in determining what sort of tariff structure is in the general public interest.

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Mexico is on more solid ground in trying to combat foreign-trade price trends unfavorable to its economy. Its government remembers all too well the World War II experience: Mexico's wartime exports went to the United States' price-controlled market to build dollar reserves that could not be spent until United States civilian production was resumed in the postwar period, when those reserves lost real value abruptly with relaxation of United States price controls and resulting dollars inflation.

Consequently, when the Inter-American Foreign Ministers Conference in 1951 considered economic co-operation problems growing out of new threats to world peace, Mexico led Latin America in demanding price protection and a related voice in materials allocation. Mexico would lend its resources to hemispheric defense, but not at any preventable expense to its industrialization program. As a result, the United States promised a fair allotment of industrial exports to Mexico, so far as possible over mobilization needs, and dropped emergency price ceilings on goods imported from Mexico. The same point was strongly emphasized at the 1951 session of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, particularly by the Mexican chairman of the conference in Mexico City, Martinez Baez.

All in all, Mexico's foreign trade policies face a formidable task in trying to meet the needs of both the industrialization program and domestic consumers, without balance-of-payments upsets sufficient to cause runaway inflation or equally harsh deflation in the national economy. In the long run, too, foreign trade must cover the interest payments and payments on principal of industrialization's new external debt, as well as return a profit to foreign investments in Mexico. To that end, the government must exert strong control over the foreign trade budget indefinitely.



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## Un Poco de Todo

Continued from page 33

### ONE HEART SERVES TWO PERSONS

Operating on the heart is a difficult and bloody business because the surgeon must feel his way in a pool of blood and because he has only a few minutes. Hence the many machines that have been invented to do the work of the heart and lungs while the surgeon is operating. The object is to leave the heart virtually dry so that the surgeon can see what he is doing.

Though the machines have been used successfully on both animals and human beings, many surgeons consider them still imperfect. Now come Drs. C. Waltan Lillehei, Richard L. Varco, Herbert E. Warden and Morley Cohen of the University of Minnesota's Variety Heart Hospital with a way of combining heart-lung machine and a living donor of blood in a single

circulating system. In other words, the donor supplies the blood, the machine does the work of the heart to be operated upon.

The new technique of "cross-circulation," as it is called, has been used successfully on three children. The last case (April 23) is that of 5-year-old Pamela Schmidt, born with a hole the size of a half dollar in the thin wall that divides the two pumping chambers of the heart. She lived for ten months in an oxygen tent. Now she has a good chance of leading a normal, useful life.

The donor whose blood circulated through Pamela during the operation was that of her anesthetized father. He was selected because his blood matched hers. The two circulatory systems were connected with thin plastic tubes that passed through the machine. Blood flowed from the father's femoral artery to Pamela, and venous blood from Pamela to her father for purification and oxygenation. So Pamela's lungs, having nothing to do, collapsed.

With a heart virtually bloodless the Minnesota surgeons went about their work unhurriedly, with a perfect view. The hole in Pamela's heart was closed. The operation took four and a half hours, but Pamela's heart was cut off from the rest of her circulatory system for only thirteen and a half minutes.

The other two cases, similar to Pamela's, were also children. Again fathers were the donors of blood. One of the two children was doing well after the operation but died of pneumonia eleven days later; the other is on the way to complete recovery.

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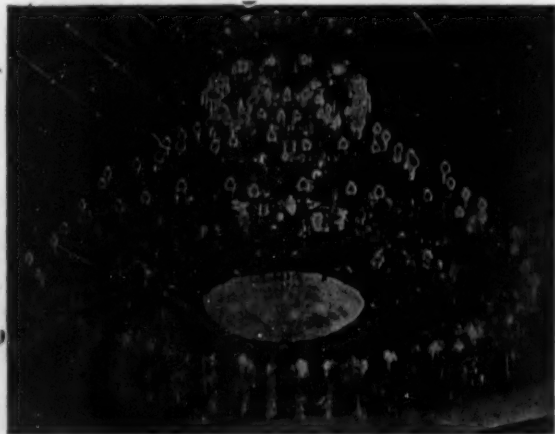
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Experiments with cross-circulation have been made on dogs in several medical school hospitals. The technique of the University of Minnesota's surgeons, developed in the course of six years after several hundred dogs had been operated on, is said to be new. It opens the door to a new field of heart surgery.

### BETTER "SMELLER" THAN THE NOSE

Dr. Lionel Farber of the University of California's Medical Center, San Francisco, has devised a laboratory "nose" that sniffs such foods as fish, vegetables, fruit, cheese, butter, coffee, spices, and pepper, and grades them according to smell. The instrument might also be perfected to determine when fruit should be picked for canning and when for eating.

Dr. Farber's "nose" is an extension of his "stinkometer," a laboratory apparatus developed several years ago for the better detection of fish spoilage.

The nose has always been a good detector of spoilage, but it is not too trustworthy because some of the volatile substances given off by a food in spoilage do not stimulate the olfactory sense, or fail to do so in the early stages of deterioration. Moreover, the smelling test is subject to limitations of personal opinion, differences in odor, sensitivity of people, and olfactory fatigue.

\* \* \*

Various chemical tests have been developed to detect volatile substances given off in spoilage, but none has been developed that can detect all that are known. So Dr. Farber, supported by the California Department of Public Health, developed the "stinkometer," which picks up all of the volatile substances that cause us to hold our noses. He squeezes a sample of foodstuff, puts it into a container, passes clean air through. The sample then goes into a second container containing a solution of alkaline permanganate, which has a natural magenta color, and which is sensitive to any of the volatile substances. Moreover, it changes color according to the quantity of volatile



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substances present—from magenta to blue, then successively to gray blue, green blue, green and pale green.

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### Through Latin America..

Continued from page 29

This he would bear in a triumphal one-man procession to the table where I sat writing. He would stand and watch me consume every bite, quivering with eagerness for my approval. This was easy to give, since I was always hungry and the dish always excellent.

One evening I sat making my notes when Don Angel appeared on schedule in the doorway. He carried a large wooden bowl over the rim of which I could see the scalloped edges of large green leaves.

"Ah," I thought in anticipation. "Some exotic salad or perhaps some fruit"

"Do you like chapulín?" Don Angel inquired, beaming from the doorway. I beamed back. "I'm sure I shall," I said cordially. "What is chapulín?"

He advanced to the table and swept the bowl down to the level of my eyes. It was filled with small green grasshoppers. Uncooked. Legs and all. Shock must have showed in my face, for he hastened to reassure me.

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"They are very good!" he exclaimed, and proved it by scooping up a generous pinch of the little creatures and munching them vigorously.

There was only one thing to do. I ate the grasshoppers while Don Angel watched happily. A few detached legs lay scattered in the bottom of the bowl. With spurious enthusiasm I scavenged these one at a time and ate them, too. I said they were delicious.

### The Dishonest...

Continued from page 26

friends, y considered it merely an act of friendship."

"But did she not leave a case of jewels with you as a guarantee that she would repay the loan?"

"No, Your Excellency," said the merchant with some show of temper. "She has invented some sort of story concerning a jewel case but it has not the slightest foundation in fact, for I have not her jewel case."

The Viceroy questioned him further, but he merchant continued to deny knowledge of the jewel case and he became quite angry at the Viceroy for even suspecting him of such an act. At last the Viceroy became somewhat testy and begged the fellow not to force him to take measures of severity by adding falsehood to his crime against friendship and the lady. But the merchant, with oaths upon his innocence, continued to deny all knowledge of jewels or jewel case. The Viceroy realized that the man would not confess his guilt and, suddenly and briskly getting up from his chair, marched from the room to return a moment later with the jewel case in his hands.

At the sight of the case, which he thought was safely deposited in his strongbox at home the merchant lost color and seemed about to faint. Sweat broke from his forehead, and his presence of mind completely deserted him, for he was unable to speak. The Viceroy was convinced of his guilt.

"Sir," he said severely, shaking his finger almost in the face of the distracted man, "your deed was one of the lowest and most contemptible acts which it has been my misfortune to have reported to me. You have not only injured a kind and gracious lady, but you have betrayed a friendship, which is one of the greatest sins that man can commit. Furthermore, here in my own chambers, the chambers of right and justice, you have deliberately lied to me, the governor of all New Spain. You will leave this palace at once and never, under any circumstances, will you dare to enter it again."

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The broken merchant rose quickly but unsteadily from his chair and started for the door, but the Viceroy stopped him.

"One other thing, my friend. Your perjury is a crime against the state. Tomorrow you will send me not only the sum of eight hundred dollars, which the lady borrowed from you, but five hundred in addition, all of which will be sent to the hospitals of the city. Sir, I bid you good day."

The Viceroy returned to his chair behind the great table and sat down wearily. He sent for the lady, and when she arrived handed her the case of jewels.

"Madam," he said, "you are a very trusting and foolish woman. I should make you a ward of the crown and appoint a guardian to take care of your worldly goods, to protect you from losing them, but this disgrace I shall not inflict upon you. I am, however, going to seek a good husband for you."

And Señor, so my father's great, great-grandfather said, it was not long after the viceroy had the happy privilege of being the honored guest at this lady's wedding at the great cathedral. I, myself, was not there, but my ancestor was present and remembered the incident well.

### Samson and Delilah

Continued from page 10

about his face, a kind of mad look in his eyes and that tight-fitting black hat he wore which was pushed clear down on his ears and the small, scuffed, black bag he was carrying also made me curious. I kept following him a few blocks until all of a sudden he dives into a beauty shop, so I stopped and watched him through the window. And what do you think he was selling?"

"Advertising." I replied, not having the remotest idea of what men sell in beauty shops.

Jerry eyed me with contempt. "Advertising my



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grandmother. He was selling all sorts of hair ointments and lotions and stuff like that. He took out a lot of bottles and jars from his suitcase and kept talking to the old girl who owned the place until I thought she'd turn in a riot call. When she would start to leave him he'd tag along. But finally she convinced him that he had about as much chance of selling hair tonic in her shop as ice on the North Pole.

So he leaves that shop and starts striding along until he comes to another beauty shop, and that one happened to belong to Louise Parker. Well, this big Spanish guy walks into her shop and asks to see the proprietor. He stands there a moment with his hat on, waiting and then Louise appears. And was that a sight! He looks at her like Anthony probably looked at Cleopatra the first time he laid eyes on her. Anyhow his heart clogged up in his throat and his mind was a complete blackout. Then he sort of absent-mindedly yanked off the tight-fitting black benny off his head like anyone would do if they saw a doll like Louise for the first time—and with the benny came the toupee. But do you think Louise laughed?"

"Don't tell me she broke down and cried," was my reply.

"No, she didn't cry and she didn't laugh either. She looked at him the same way he looked at her. In other words it was love at first sight for both of them. Gee, what a yarn that was! The city editor was crazy about it. But he couldn't use it. You know how careful you've got to be about news in these foreign countries. But you can just imagine what a knock-out front page box that would have made with a head like Samson and Delilah Meet Again—or something good like that."

"Yes, something original like that," I added. "But to finish your story, what happened to this famous bald-headed man—is he still selling hair tonic?"

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"Not exactly," said Jerry complacently. "You see Louise didn't lose any time telling him what she thought of men wearing toupees and selling a lot of junk in beauty shops. And he didn't lose much time taking her advice. She found him a job in some kind of an exporting firm and by the looks of things he's done mighty well. Of course Louise told me confidentially before she married him that she'd made up her mind long ago to marry a bald-headed man. Apparently in her profession she had seen too much hair and when she saw that nice slick pate of Jaime's she knew he was just the man for her. Funny thing love— isn't it?"

"Very funny!" I replied as bitterly as possible. And it was I who paid the check.

### Mystery of The Miser ...

Continued from page 14

as it does in the books. I hoped there would not be a murder connected with it, but I was not averse to a beautiful heroine, somewhere in the picture.

When we started out to the car, I offered to carry the suitcase for the old gentleman and, to my surprise, he allowed me to.

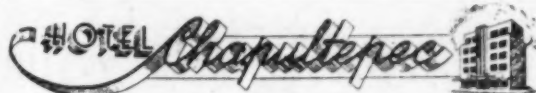
"It is very heavy," he said, "and you are much younger and stronger than I."

When I set it down in my car, I did so rather roughly, and, to my delight, there was the unmistakable tinkle of coins. I tried to look innocent as we shut the doors and drove off, but I could see that the old man was smiling.

"Señor," he said, "I suppose it would be best for us both if I explain why I am carrying this suitcase full of silver pesos to the bank, every few days."

The story-book quality of the thing faded, right there before my eyes. He explained that he had been foresighted enough to sell his large ranch, just before the Agrarian movement expropriated such properties. He had moved to his town house and, since times were pretty uncertain, he had changed all the money into silver pesos and buried them where they would be safe. Revolutions had caught him, before, and he had found that bank credits were sometimes worthless and even paper money lost its value, but he knew that silver would always have purchasing power.

Now, times had settled down. There were no more talks of revolutions and uprisings. It was silly to leave the money buried in the ground, like a miser. He was redepositing it in the nearest bank. It was quite a job, too. The coins had all corroded while un-



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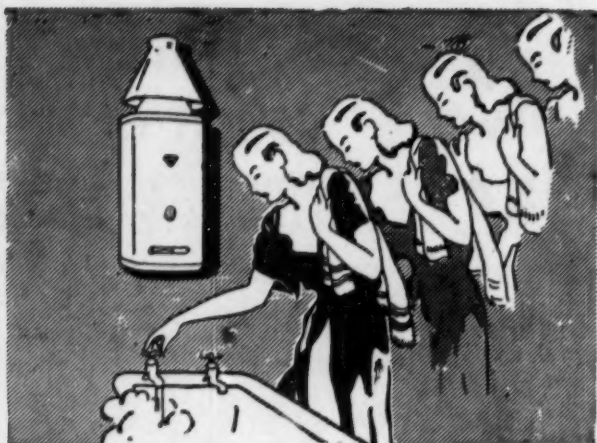
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derground and he wouldn't think of bringing them into the bank in such a dirty condition.

I smiled at myself and my "romantic mystery," as we rode out of town. We talked of many things, even his hobby of raising roses. I found him very congenial and full of wonderful information about the country. I could see that we were going to get along well, as neighbors. Suddenly I realized that I had lost a mystery and found a friend. It was a fair exchange. I never told him about the episode on the roof.

### Mexico's Southland

Continued from page 12

that Tlacolula did much better with Easter than Radio City Music Hall.

We stopped off to see the famous Tree of Tule, one of the wonders of the Latin world—a giant cypress, whose trunk is 160 feet around. Miss Comedy was not impressed.

It was good we were early to bed, for Holy Saturday, the Sabado de Gloria, dawned early and violently and stayed late.

We were lifted out of bed by a fair-sized piece of fireworks (rockets, smoke bombs and pin wheels) hung from an Alameda lamp-post just under our Bishop's window. This was the first of the Judas effigies, a Oaxaca specialty.

The explosions start right after Glory Mass in the morning and continue all day. Several dozen were set off in the Alameda alone. Some of these set pieces were very elaborate and larger than life. Upper-level Oaxaqueños use them as prestige indicators—the more explosive the Disciple, the more important his sponsor.

After breakfast, we ventured out into this no man's land. The streets were crawling with people—towners and visiting country cousins—dressed to the nines, nearly everyone wearing some bit of bright red as a gesture to the blood spilled at the Cross. In the shuffle of feet on the pavement were high-button shoes of shiny patent leather, high-yellow spats, shoes of

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red, pink, white and alligator green. There were broad bare feet, charro boots carved like a tattooed lady's back, and feet that walked on high spike heels. Small boys skittered among the trees, swinging little papier-maché devils (with purple and cerise wings) pretending they were jet planes.

In the lively market Whiskers bought two huge cazuelas (for salad bowls she said) each three feet across, one in a smooth charcoal black, the other Oaxaca green. I paid the asking price, fifty cents each; it was much too joyous a day to haggle. We also bought a seagreen mermaid pitcher, a pair of elephant penny banks (made by a potter who had obviously never seen an elephant), and an Oaxaca-steel machete that had engraved on its blade: "If this snake bites you there is no remedy in the drugstore."

On the way back to our hotel, we dipped into a small shop run by a Señor Cervantes, who, though he operates a large tourist-goods emporium in Mexico City, keeps his heart and the things he himself likes best in Oaxaca, his home town. He graciously showed us some of his treasures: Venetian glass beads brought from Spain by Cortez for trading with the Indians (not for sale); huipils woven by mountain Indians on tree looms and hand embroidered into real museum pieces (about forty dollars); and silverware, wooden masks and crucifixes so old I didn't dare ask the price.

Then we took Toby for his very first ride on a merry-go-round. He chose the biggest horse, a purple one with a pink mane, and sat it like a gentleman. Whiskers said I looked a little bilious.

The festival roared on well into the night. Hoopla, Toss-the-Rings and Spill-the-Cats all got their quota of sportsmen; the Ferris wheel its share of spinning lovers. The carousel ground out its incessant mambos, sambas and rumbas. Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals doing *Begin the Beguine* was the popular favorite, but certainly not mine, after nineteen—count 'em—nineteen renditions.



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After dinner the town band pumped out a concert from the Zocalo's ginger-bread bandstand, and the famous plume dance was presented in our hotel's dining room. After being part of the surging spectacle in the streets all day, we found the dance a bit of a letdown. The fancy plumed headdresses, studded with mirrors and streaked with color, were its best feature. The music was often too loud, sometimes off key, and the dancing lacked fire.

In contrast to all the pre-Easter bedlam, the Holy Day itself was pleasantly quiet, though there was an abundance of bells, bells, bells. There was no Easter fashion parade, but Toby did find a tiny basket of colored eggs at breakfast, laid there by the hotel's private Easter bunny.

As soon as we could recover from Easter, we left for the South. We wanted to see the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, particularly the town of Tehuantepec itself and the port city of Salina Cruz. And Gustavo, our matador friend, had said not to miss a charmer of a town way down in Chiapas State—San Cristóbal de Las Casas.

We lunched in a pine draw in the mountains (Whiskers made me bury our rubbish rocks) and reached Ixtepec after a hot, tiresome 212 miles, the last fifteen considerably off the main highway and rough enough to worry a pregnant father.

Ixtepec is just a short drive from Tehuantepec, whose only hotel at that time we'd heard was not quite up to snuff. So we put up overnight at Ixtepec. (Today, just out of town, Tehuantepec has a fine motel, shaded by a grove of coconut palms and banana trees.)

Ixtepec is a railroad town—T-shaped, lively, raw and dusty as a desert. The street flanking the smoky tracks was lined with lantern-lighted fruit stands, coffee shops, untidy open-front bars and hash houses dishing out reeking fries. Tehuana ladies, in bright skirts and huipils, squatted along the gutter, cooking

over glowing charcoal, waiting for the evening train to bring them customers. The other street was somewhat better: poolrooms, two movies, a market house, several well-stocked Syrian merchants, gambling games along the curbs, and the new hotel where we stopped.

Principal feature of our room was a shower stall with a Venetian blind for a curtain. Such a gale blew through the room that water wouldn't boil in our lidless pot, and it took Whiskers forever to get Toby fed.

We were up early the next a.m. because Whiskers had read my wrist watch upside down. The only service station we could find open was a hardware store; a small muchacho lugged out the gasoline in open cans and poured it by tin cup and funnel.

At Tehuantepec a big steel bridge was being built and a detour led us across the broad, dusty and bumpy river bed. The stream was almost nonexistent, and the famous naked-lady bathers were nowhere in sight. Either tourist gawking or the dry season had forced this favorite Tehuantepec attraction underground. However, there were a few bare torsos pounding laundry at a nearby shallow pool, and I am satisfied that the extravagant claims made for Tehuana ladies are justified.

Tehuantepec's dirt streets were pocked with mud patches full of dozing pigs, one of which had a duck sleeping on its head. But it was an exciting town—something like a gypsy camp the first time you see it. Even the schoolteachers were exotic. We saw one with huge gold hoop earrings and a bright red skirt.

Tehuantepec's main plaza had seen better days. It was bordered by buildings crumbling with tropic rot—pool-halls, beer joints, and small shops run by Tehuana ladies and Syrian men. The Municipal Palace clock was quite fancy, but it stopped running long ago. Sidewalks were wasting away, and the pink-and-blue houses were decaying. Most of them had little furniture beyond a row of straight chairs and a hammock, but they all had a sewing machine and an altar.

The people were friendly and courteous. Their garb was not the spotless white we had been led to expect, though I saw only one downright slovenly lady. She was sitting with her pigs, shelling beans.

Everyone was extremely handsome. The Zapotec Indians have always been a hospitable people, and the soldiers, sailors, traders and railroaders who came through the Isthmus in the early days did not go unnoticed. In the golden faces there are traces of French, Irish, Spanish, Negro and Oriental. There are hazel eyes and green ones, kinky hair and wavy blond.

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and sweeping the ground with wild-colored full skirts of indigo, red, cerise, orange, saffron and yellow. Whiskers told me that their short huipil blouses are heavily lined to keep them from wearing through in front. The most valuable skirts are purple, woven of thread dyed by a slimy snail excretion. They tend to smell like rotting fish, but Tehuanas consider this merely a mark of authenticity. Most Tehuanas have a snail-dye skirt for extra-special occasions, and they always ask to go to their graves in one, for the thread is supposed never to rot.

In the market you can buy turtle eggs and live iguanas, which look like miniature dinosaurs and taste like frogs' legs. Women run most of the stalls. We didn't spot any of the fantastic Tehuantepec solid gold jewelry on sale anywhere in town, though the keeper of the shop where we found some beautiful hammocks wore earrings of U.S. \$20 gold pieces.

That night we stayed in Salina Cruz, directly on the Pacific. A stiff breeze bats in from the ocean all day long and slaps back again all night. Salina Cruz probably has more enormous pool-rooms than any other town its size, and must be the noisiest place in all Mexico.

\* \* \*

On that one sleepless night, two lotería games were competing with hyped-up loud-speakers—two of the movie theaters each had one going full blast, and a third cinema snared its customers with a sidewalk piano-violin-snare-drum combo.

Next day there was a great deal of hot sea-level driving, but we were into the cool mountains by dusk. We stopped that night on the outskirts of Tuxtla, capital city of Chiapas, at a very elaborate motel, completely at odds with its rugged, desolate surroundings.

It was a great rambling place, and, besides a drained swimming pool, it contained bowling alleys and a soda fountain. The dining room had a dream-like, cake-icing elegance. "Just like Fairyland when I was a little girl," breathed Whiskers. The walls were a quagmire of white rococo plaster; mirrored columns held up the high and equally ornate ceiling. There were romantically painted murals, and around the tables were fake Louis XIV chairs with satin seats, gilt legs and price tags still attached.

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Tuxtla was like high noon on a beach in July. It had no shade anywhere, not even in the plaza downtown, and no electricity by daytime.

We tried to fly into Guatemala from Tuxtla, but there was no direct flight, and schedules just missed connecting by a scant ten minutes, which meant staying overnight both ways at the border. There were other obstructions: fumigation, high-priced security bond for the left-behind automobile, baggage limited to hand luggage (eliminating Toby's travel crib), no dogs (eliminating our girl Comedy), etc., etc.

We gave up and passed from Tuxtla through its moldering city gates, where pigs wallowed in thick black gumbo around the civic monument and fountain (dry).

Not far out of town an enormous boulder rolled down the mountainside and bashed in our front fender. A highway crew, collecting rocks, hadn't thought to red-flag us down. I found good use for some choice Mexican profanity I had acquired while sitting up in Salina Cruz with Frances Toor's Treasury of Mexican Folkways.

All day we drove through the most magnificent country, the wildest we had seen so far. Nothing but mountains, mountains, mountains. The herders we saw in the valleys were so runty their sheep and goats looked big as cows. We were in the heart of Chiapas, one of Mexico's richest states in flora and fauna. Every kind of equatorial tree grows here, including ebony, rubber, cork and royal palm.

Chiapas exports crocodile skins, orchids, sarsaparilla and marimba players. It has fourteen distinct tri-

bes of Indians, each speaking its own language. We saw some of them in labor gangs along the highway —altogether much too exotic to be pick-and-shovel slinger and wheelbarrow pushers. Some were bare-legged ("And what legs!" exclaimed Whiskers) and wore buttock-length white pants. Woolen pants with long fringe hung from their shoulders, and slung around their necks were turquoise scarfs with huge magenta tassels. Their perky, pointed straw hats had gay colored ribbons of silk streaming from their peaks.

There were three hotels in town and we decided on the Español, a simple and charming one-story affair with rooms on three sides of a lovely garden court. The other side had a low-ceilinged dining room and the home of the owner-manager, an old-school gentleman named Señor Valeriano Lopeira Castro. The Castro ménage included a grand-mama and eight children (aged three to fourteen). Whiskers, with her sights on a mere five, was visibly impressed.

It was cold when we went to bed. There was lightning over the mountains and the smell of pine came through our window. I thought I heard a lion roar during the night.

Sure enough, next morning after breakfast (which included luscious Spanish beans) we saw a small carry about to leave town, loaded on a fleet of dubious trucks. Excited Indians were poking into everything but the crate that held the toothless old lion. Later, in the plaza, we saw the show's paper, advertising a to-the-death battle between the lion and a black bull. I was sort of sorry we missed it.

We loved every minute of Las Casas. We soaked up mountain sun, sitting in the tiny garden of the Español; we took long, leisurely walks through the narrow streets; we stood for a family portrait in the plaza's outdoor photo studio, before a painted backdrop of Constantinople. And sometimes we snooped in the street of open-front shops that ran off the plaza. The woolsens there were handsome and inexpensive, the Indian straw hats were in infinite variety, and occasionally we found lengths of exotic striped cloth smuggled in from Guatemala.

We got used to being stared at. Few tourists ever get to Las Casas and we were real curiosities, especially Whiskers, who was without doubt the tallest person in town.

In the evenings we visited with our amiable neighbors at the hotel—a Mexican road surveyor and his ample lady, who played the guitar and sang Night

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We passed up the movies (Tarzan y la Mujer Leopardo and El Retorno de Dick Tracy), but one nippy night we left Toby with the hotel's ponchoed Indian gateman who sat guard outside our door and Miss Comedy who baby-sat inside, and went down the street to the Teatro Zebadua to witness "Ali-Khazam & Cia., un Millon de Maravillas del Oriente" in the flesh.

Out front an orchestra under wraps was playing a come-on concert. The theater was dimly lit, completely unheated and a corporal's-guard audience huddled in overcoats, sweaters and serapes. I could see my breath. A jam of noisy rowdies leaned out of the high second balcony, looking just like les enfants du Paradis from the picture of the same name.

Just before curtain, four men staggered down the aisle with the twelve-foot marimba, and the orchestra set up in the pit, wearing their overcoats.

Señor Ali-Khazam struggled bravely through his pitiful routine (twenty years in India, crowned heads of Europe, and so on), ignoring cries of "Luz! Luz!", for in the miserable light only the very first rows could follow his simple card and hadkerchief tricks.

The "& Co." consisted of the magician's wife, a blondined sea lion who danced heavily and sang flat.

As an afterpiece, the two came on disguised as a comedy team in costumes that would have had tough sailing in a small-town Halloween parade.

It was too sad, and we left before the bitter end. "The worst yet!" said Señor Castro at breakfast.

Every day in Las Casas was fine, but Saturday was the most spectacular, for then the Indians come to town and splash the otherwise drab market house with primitive color.

The building is a full block long and is set into a hill well above the street. Massive stone steps, full length along the street side, lead up to it. It is an impressive setting and the Indians make the most of it to display themselves.

I thought the women in heavy black homespun huipils, with one bright red tassel hanging down the front, were the most striking. "Chamulas," said Whiskers, who had been reading up.

The Tzeltzales were the fiercest looking—shaggy black hair on egg-shaped heads, barefoot, bareheaded, and wearing black-and-white-striped huipils. The fancy Dans we saw in the road gangs were there too—the cleanest, most intelligent looking and the proudest. Whiskers said the gay hat ribbons denoted bachelors.

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Unmarried girls wore their long hair down their backs.

Some of the men at the market were wearing diaperlike arrangements that sagged between their legs to their knees. Tzotzils, a primitive race from the highlands of Chiapas, wore red turbans which made them look like pirates.

Other Indians kept the hot sun at bay with big black umbrellas. Several groups had the family mongrel on a rope leash, an odd touch of elegance. The young Indian mothers, some only thirteen years old, were dressed sedately and looked strangely old.

All the market items were practical, except perhaps the tinsel-sprinkled religious chromos and gaudy holy trinkets. No tourist lures. Just things like charcoal, laces, ribbons, cooking pottery, huaraches and imported dress prints with outlandish patterns.

Whiskers felt so rested after our week in Las Cascas, she was all for going on south the ninety-three miles to the Guatemalan border, but our surveyor friend advised against it. Then, too, I wanted to be off the Pan-American Highway before the annual Cinco de Mayo border-to-border auto race started. I wasn't anxious to meet any of those speed maniacs in the mountains.

On our way north we managed to have lunch again in that same pine draw, and this time Whiskers not only made me bury our own rubbish but all the assorted guff left by picnickers past.

We had a hot trip up and hit Oaxaca during a torrential rain. It was ablaze with light and looked to us like Times Square. The noisy carny was still holding forth in the Alameda; mail was waiting from Haiti, Pittsburgh, Capistrano Beach, London and the Circus. We blew the fuse again, I enjoyed our shower by candlelight, and the Bishop's Bed was never more appreciated.

### Idol-ing in Mexico

Continued from page 19

to the north of this dry lake is a real lake and around its shores images have been found in profusion, just as at Lake Chapala.

Throughout Mexico the curious digger may perform his best service by questioning residents for clues to sites of old villages and noting the presence of images and artifacts in the native markets and homes. The people are friendly and courteous and just a little Spanish is enough to get along on if one is patient. Humbleness and a smile are a help, and it is not amiss to remember these phrases:

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